THE STOCKBRIDGE TRILOGY: III

Plague of the Daleks

A FOUR-PART STORY BY **MARK MORRIS**

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

THE DOCTOR: PETER DAVISON
Time traveller.

NYSSA: SARAH SUTTON
Time traveller's companion.

ISAAC BARCLAY: KEITH BARRON
(50) Co-ordinator of the Stockbridge 'heritage centre'. A bluff Yorkshireman. Solid, dependable, a real 'salt of the earth' type.

LYSETTE BARCLAY: LIZA TARBUCK
(20) Daughter of Isaac. Friendly, open, optimistic, loyal, hard-working, dotes on her dad.

VINCENT LINFOOT: BARRY McCARTHY
(75) Tourist/visitor. Sweet, gentle, accommodating. Interested in genealogy.

ALEXIS LINFOOT: RICHENDA CAREY
(72) Tourist/visitor. Vincent's wife. Complains about everything. A poisonous old hag.

PROFESSOR RINXO JABBERY: RICHARD CORDERY
Alien. Purple flesh, tentacles. Pompous, literal, lacks a sense of humour but a decent sort.

MRS WITHERS/MRS SOWERBY/FEMALE COMPUTER VOICE: SUSAN BROWN
(60) Landlady of the Green Dragon Inn. Jolly and welcoming, but seriously unhinged.

DALEKS/CRICKETER/DOBSON: NICHOLAS BRIGGS
Dalek 1 (grunt); Dalek 2 (in charge); Dalek 3 (edgy, hysterical); Dalek 4 (blind).

INFECTED VILLAGERS played by members of the company.

DIRECTOR: BARNABY EDWARDS
PRODUCER: DAVID RICHARDSON
SCRIPT EDITOR: ALAN BARNES
EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS: NICHOLAS BRIGGS & JASON HAIGH-ELLERY

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PART ONE

1. INT. CHURCH

(FX: CONTINUING FROM THE END OF 'THE ETERNAL SUMMER'. OFF/OUTSIDE – HOWLING WIND, TEMPORARILY OVERLAID BY A 'TIME WHIRLPOOL'. NYSSA MATERIALIZES OUT OF THIN AIR, CRASHING INTO A BOOKCASE FULL OF HYMN BOOKS & SCATTERING THEM ONTO THE STONE FLOOR. SHE PICKS HERSELF UP & TRIES TO GET HER BEARINGS. SHE BACKS AWAY SLOWLY, HER VOICE ECHOING SLIGHTLY IN THE EMPTY CHURCH.)

NYSSA
(COUGHING) Doctor? … Doctor, where are you? …

DOCTOR
(SOFTLY) Right behind you, Nyssa.

NYSSA
(GASPS) Doctor!

DOCTOR
In fact, you're – ow! – standing on my toe.

NYSSA
(GROANS) What happened to us? I don't feel at all well.

DOCTOR
I'm not surprised. Unshielded temporal transference is not the most comfortable way to travel.

NYSSA
So that's what we've been doing.

DOCTOR
With the collapse of the time bubble, we were cast adrift in time. Fortunately, we seem to have anchored ourselves. Come on, deep breaths…

NYSSA
Anchored ourselves? To what?

DOCTOR
I don't know. A particular space-time event, perhaps…

NYSSA
(RECOVERING) Where are we, do you think? It's so dark.

DOCTOR
Well, judging by the acoustics, inside a large, stone-walled building. Hold on, I've got some matches somewhere… Ah, here we are.

(FX: A MATCH STRIKING AND FLARING)

NYSSA
(STARTLED) Oh!

DOCTOR
(CHUCKLES) It's only Sir Justin, Nyssa. Or rather, his statue.

NYSSA
So we're still in Stockbridge.

(FX: FOOTSTEPS ON STONE)

NYSSA
(READING THE INSCRIPTION) 'The journey has not ended here, For his spirit claimed, By death-knell's chime, Lies Waiting Still-

DOCTOR
(FINISHING THE READING AS IF HE KNOWS IT BY HEART) '-To cross once more a sea of stars, And sail the tides of time.'

NYSSA
It's an odd inscription. What do you think it refers to?

DOCTOR
The dust of ages. Speaking of which, someone ought to give this place a once-over with a damp cloth.

NYSSA
It is rather grimy, isn't it? Not to mention freezing cold. I thought churches were supposed to be joyous places. Full of worship and singing.

DOCTOR
That's just on Sundays. And the ambient temperature can be accredited to the fact that it's winter.

NYSSA
How do you know?

DOCTOR
There's snow at the windows. (MUSING) I wonder which particular shore our 'tide of time' has washed us up on.

NYSSA
(TEASING) Don't Time Lords have an instinct for temporal placement?

DOCTOR
Whatever gave you that idea? <u>This</u> particular Time Lord prefers to form his conclusions the old-fashioned way – by assessing the available evidence. Or, better still, by asking someone.

(FX: ABOVE THE WIND WE HEAR THE GHOSTLY SNATCH OF A CHRISTMAS CAROL, 'GOD REST YE MERRY GENTLEMEN.' THE CAROL FADES)

NYSSA
(SHARPLY) What's that?

DOCTOR
Perhaps the neighbourhood spirits took your comment about worship and singing to heart.

NYSSA
('HMPHS') It's more likely a recording of some sort. But for what reason?

DOCTOR
To supplement the congregation? But I doubt we'll find the answers here – or the TARDIS for that matter. Come on.

(FX: THEY WALK THE FEW PACES TO THE WOODEN DOOR & OPEN IT. IT CREAKS PLEASINGLY. CUT TO:)

2. EXT. CHURCH GROUNDS/GRAVEYARD

(FX: THE DOCTOR AND NYSSA TAKE A FEW PACES. THEIR FOOTSTEPS MOVE FROM SCRAPING ON THE FLAGSTONES IN THE PORCH TO CRUNCHING ON THE SNOW. THEY STOP. THEY RAISE THEIR VOICES ABOVE THE SWIRLING WIND AND SNOW)

NYSSA
It's a whiteout!

DOCTOR
Ah, 'Sweet, smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn.'

NYSSA
Very nice, Doctor, but this is hardly the time for poetry. Much as I hate to complain, the snow's blowing into my eyes, and I'm not exactly dressed for blizzard conditions. I know how fond of Stockbridge you are, but the sooner we find the TARDIS and leave, the better, as far as I'm concerned.

DOCTOR
Hmm.

NYSSA
(SUSPICIOUSLY) You do think the TARDIS is still here?

DOCTOR
Well, I hope so. Let's head for the High Street and ask around. If nothing else, at least we'll be assured of a warm welcome in the Green Dragon.

(FX: THEIR FOOTSTEPS TRUDGING OFF IN THE SNOW. CUT TO:)

3. INT. GREEN DRAGON INN

(FX: A CRACKLING FIRE; 'SILENT NIGHT' PLAYING SOFTLY IN THE BACKGROUND. PUB DOOR OPENS; HOWLING BLIZZARD; PUB DOOR CLOSES)

DOCTOR
That's odd.

NYSSA
There's no one here.

DOCTOR
(CALLS) Hello? Anyone about?

NYSSA
Doctor, look: half-finished drinks… an uncompleted game of some sort…

DOCTOR
Dominoes. And look – coats on the backs of chairs; a walking stick propped against a table. This doesn't bode well, Nyssa.

NYSSA
You don't think that as the Time Vortex spat us out, these people were… dragged in?

DOCTOR
It's a worrying possibility.

NYSSA
Perhaps the singing we heard in the church was a time echo?

(FX: THE DOOR BEHIND THE BAR SUDDENLY OPENS & FLAPS SHUT, LIKE A TWO-WAY KITCHEN DOOR, AS MRS WITHERS APPEARS. NYSSA GASPS)

MRS WITHERS
(LOUD AND ALMOST PAINFULLY JOLLY) Good evening. Awful weather, isn't it?

NYSSA
Oh! But I…

MRS WITHERS
Are you all right, dear? You look as white as –

DOCTOR
Cheese?

MRS WITHERS
Beg your pardon, dear?

DOCTOR
As white as cheese. It's a simile.

MRS WITHERS
Yes, dear, I'm sure. Awful weather, isn't it?

DOCTOR
Er, yes. Where is everybody?

MRS WITHERS
Everybody?

DOCTOR
Your customers?

MRS WITHERS
Oh, they must have popped out. Quick perambulation round the —

NYSSA
The?

MRS WITHERS
Awful weather, isn't it? What can I get you?

DOCTOR
Ginger beer for me. Nyssa?

NYSSA
Just water, thank you.

(FX: LIGHT BEEPING AS MRS WITHERS ENTERS THE ORDER INTO THE TOUCH-PAD TILL ON THE BAR)

MRS WITHERS
Right you are, m'dears. And how about something to eat? I have some lovely hot pot.

DOCTOR
Thank you, yes. Very warming on such a cold night. (BEAT, AS MRS WITHERS ENTERS THE HOT POT ORDER INTO THE TILL) Excuse me, do you mind if I ask a question?

MRS WITHERS
Ask away, dear.

DOCTOR
You are Mrs Marjorie Withers, aren't you?

MRS WITHERS
Indeed I am, dear. For my sins.

DOCTOR
Mrs Withers, what year is this?

(FX: SILENCE, APART FROM B/G CRACKLING FIRE; CHRISTMAS CAROLS; WIND AND SNOW OUTSIDE)

DOCTOR
Mrs Withers?

MRS WITHERS
Awful weather, isn't it? I'll get you that hotpot.

(FX: SHE BUSTLES AWAY THROUGH THE TWO-WAY DOOR)

NYSSA
What's wrong with her, Doctor?

DOCTOR
Selective memory loss, caused by a recent trauma? Some kind of mental conditioning? How old would you say she is, Nyssa?

NYSSA
I don't know. Sixty perhaps.

DOCTOR
Hmm. When I last stayed here – in 1982, if memory serves – Mrs Withers was in her seventies. Which ought to make this the mid-1960s.

NYSSA
My knowledge of Earth technology isn't perfect, Doctor, but… isn't that unlikely?

DOCTOR
Not unlikely – impossible. That's a touch screen till behind the bar. And the dartboard has an electronic score sheet. If not for Mrs Withers, I'd say this was the early twenty-first century.

NYSSA
So what does all this mean, Doctor?

DOCTOR
I'm not sure. Yet.

(FX: MRS WITHERS REAPPEARS THROUGH THE TWO-WAY DOOR & APPROACHES THE TABLE NEAREST THEM)

MRS WITHERS
Here we are, m'dears! Settle yourselves down by the fire.

(FX: THEY DO SO, PULLING THE CHAIRS OUT & SITTING DOWN. CLATTERING OF CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE AS MRS WITHERS SETS THEIR MEAL BEFORE THEM. OVER THIS:)

DOCTOR
Thank you, Mrs Withers. It all looks most… um… appetising.

MRS WITHERS
There's plenty more if you're hungry. Awful weather, isn't it?

NYSSA
Mm.

(FX: MRS WITHERS MOVES AWAY, HUMMING ALONG TO THE CHRISTMAS CAROLS ON THE RADIO. ONCE AGAIN THE TWO-WAY DOOR FLAPS AS SHE EXITS)

NYSSA
(LOW VOICE) Doctor, this food's rotten. And the bread's covered in mould.

(FX: THE DOCTOR PICKS UP HIS GLASS TO EXAMINE THE CONTENTS)

DOCTOR
(RUEFULLY) Even my ginger beer's flat. (PUTS DOWN HIS GLASS & ROUSES HIMSELF) Time to pay up and be on our way.

(FX: THE DOCTOR STANDS UP ACCOMPANIED BY THE SCRAPING OF HIS CHAIR ON THE FLOOR. HE GETS SOME MONEY OUT OF HIS POCKET — A COLLECTION OF NOTES & COINS — AND PLACES THEM ON THE TABLE)

Come along, Nyssa. I think we need to cast our net a little further afield.

NYSSA
(STANDING UP, TOO, WITH CHAIR SCRAPING) Go outside again, you mean?

DOCTOR
Well, unless you'd rather stay for dessert?

NYSSA
No, thank you.

(FX: THEY OPEN THE PUB DOOR AGAIN & EXIT, SHUTTING THE DOOR BEHIND THEM. CUT TO:)

4. EXT. THE STREETS OF STOCKBRIDGE

(FX: A HOWLING BLIZZARD. FOOTSTEPS CRUNCHING THROUGH SNOW)

DOCTOR
(SHOUTING) I hope fifty pounds was enough.

NYSSA
(ALSO SHOUTING) More than, I should imagine. So what are we looking for now, Doctor? The TARDIS, or an explanation for what's happening here?

DOCTOR
Well… either would be welcome. The important thing is to keep an open mind.

NYSSA
I think I'd find it easier to do that if I'd had the opportunity to dress for these conditions.

DOCTOR
Mind over matter, Nyssa. Think warm thoughts.

NYSSA
Thank you, Doctor. That's so helpful.

(FX: THROUGH THE BLIZZARD COMES THE APPROACHING SOUND OF A HORSE-DRAWN CARRIAGE, RATTLING OVER COBBLES. THE CLACK OF HOOVES BEARS DOWN UPON THEM)

NYSSA
(ALARMED) Doctor!

DOCTOR
I hear it, Nyssa.

NYSSA
Where is it? I can't see anything!

DOCTOR
More sound effects, that's all. The snow's so thick that a carriage would barely make a sound in these conditions.

(FX: THE DIN OF THE CARRIAGE REACHES A CRESCENDO… THEN FADES, LEAVING A GHOSTLY ECHO)

Are you all right, Nyssa?

NYSSA
A little shaky. Though I've yet to decide whether that's due to cold or fear.

(FX: ABOVE THE BLIZZARD, WE HEAR THE RAUCOUS CAWING OF CROWS.)

NYSSA
Yet more sound effects?

DOCTOR
Not this time. Look above us, Nyssa. On the roofs and telephone wires.

NYSSA
(GASPS) There's hundreds of them!

DOCTOR
Carrion crows. Said to be harbingers of doom.

(FX: A SINGLE CROW, CAWING LOUDLY, SWOOPS DOWN)

NYSSA
Look out, Doctor!

(FX: THE CROW SWOOPS BY; THE DOCTOR DUCKS; IT'S A NEAR MISS)

DOCTOR
(SHAKEN) That was rather too close for comfort. Its wing-tip brushed my face.

NYSSA
Why would it attack you like that?

DOCTOR
I'm not sure. Crows are scavengers by nature and, although they do sometimes supplement their diet with live flesh, they don't generally prey on anything much larger than field mice.

NYSSA
That one was obviously an exception.

DOCTOR
Not so much of one, I fear. Look, Nyssa.

(FX: THE CAWING OF CROWS GROWS LOUDER, MORE THREATENING)

NYSSA
What are they doing?

DOCTOR
Massing for attack. (SUDDENLY URGENT) Here they come!

(FX: CROWS SWOOP DOWN, AMID A CACOPHONY OF RAUCOUS CRIES)

DOCTOR
Run, Nyssa!

NYSSA
Where?

DOCTOR
Let's try… this cottage!

(FX: B/G HOWLING WIND AND SCREECHING CROWS; F/G THE RAPID UNLATCHING OF A GATE; THUD OF FEET THROUGH SNOW)

NYSSA
Quickly, Doctor! (SHE SQUEALS AND FLAILS AT ATTACKING BIRDS)

(FX: SOUND OF METAL IMPLEMENT FRANTICALLY PROBING AT LOCK; A CLICK; THE DOOR OPENS WITH A CREAK)

DOCTOR
In here!

(FX: A CACOPHONY OF FLUTTERING FEATHERS, CAWING & NYSSA'S YELPS. CUT TO:)

5. INT. COTTAGE

(FX: THEY RUN INSIDE. THE DOOR SLAMS, MUFFLING THE OUTSIDE FX. THE CROWS' FLUTTERING & CAWING DIES AWAY DURING THE SCENE)

NYSSA
(GASPING) You're quite the housebreaker, Doctor.

DOCTOR
Little trick I picked up from the Great Omani. (BEAT) Now, I wonder what made the crows behave like that?

NYSSA
Perhaps they were just hungry? Unable to find food?

DOCTOR
No, it wasn't that. They didn't attack us, for one thing.

NYSSA
(ASTONISHED) Didn't attack! What do you think-

DOCTOR
(QUIETLY, DECISIVELY) How many times did they peck you, Nyssa?

NYSSA
Well… none. But only because I fought them off.

DOCTOR
You think so? Their reactions are quicker than yours. And their beaks are razor-sharp. If they'd wanted to draw blood, they would certainly have done so.

NYSSA
So what were they doing?

DOCTOR
Not sure. Assessing us? Warning us? Deliberately impeding our progress?

NYSSA
Are they really that intelligent?

DOCTOR
Not ordinarily. Interesting, isn't it?

NYSSA
So what do we do now?

DOCTOR
Consider our options. Let's try through here.

(FX: HOLLOW SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS ON WOODEN FLOORS)

NYSSA
This place is completely empty.

DOCTOR
And has been for some time, judging by the dust. (BEAT) I'm guessing this leads to the kitchen.

(FX: CREAK OF DOOR OPENING. DISTANT SPRING BIRDSONG.)

NYSSA
Oh, goodness!

DOCTOR
Fascinating! (QUIETLY) 'When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces…'

NYSSA
Are we <u>really</u> looking out on to a spring day, Doctor? It's not an illusion?

DOCTOR
If it is, it's a convincing one. I'm more inclined to believe this anomaly is temporal rather than psychological.

NYSSA
Do you think it's safe to go outside?

DOCTOR
I don't see why not. Just keep an eye out for those crows.

(FX: NYSSA RUNS TO BACK DOOR, OPENS IT. CUT TO:)

6. EXT. SUNLIT BACK GARDEN

(FX: THE HOWLING BLIZZARD HAS NOW BEEN REPLACED BY THE TRILL OF BIRDSONG)

NYSSA
Look, Doctor. You can still see patches of melting snow here and there.

DOCTOR
An instant thaw, followed by an artificially-induced spring. Impressive technology.

NYSSA
Technology? You don't think this could be a natural phenomenon then? A freak result of climate change, for instance?

DOCTOR
Five minutes ago those trees were bare. Now they're laden with blossom. And look there, Nyssa. Bluebells.

NYSSA
Is that significant?

DOCTOR
It means this is April or May. And whilst spring snowfalls are not uncommon, there's still a definite nip in the air. It would need to be considerably hotter than this to affect such a rapid thaw.

NYSSA
So what is going on here, Doctor?

(FX: A DISTANT CRY OF 'HOWSAT?'— TAKEN UP BY A SMALL BUT VOCIFEROUS CROWD)

DOCTOR
(OBVIOUS DELIGHT) Well, a cricket match, for one thing. A little early in the year, perhaps, but a surer sign of civilisation would be impossible to find. Come along, Nyssa. The village green is… this way.

(FX: FOOTSTEPS HEADING OFF. FADE TO:)

7. EXT. VILLAGE GREEN

(FX: THE CLICK OF LEATHER ON WILLOW; MUTTERS AND SHOUTS FROM PLAYERS AND SPECTATORS. THE DOCTOR & NYSSA ARRIVE & STOP.)

DOCTOR
Here we are. Look, Nyssa, there's even a tea tent. I'll treat you to a macaroon.

NYSSA
Don't become too complacent, Doctor. Your harbingers of doom are still overhead.

DOCTOR
(DISTRACTED) Hmm?

NYSSA
Those awful crows. Dozens of them.

(FX: DISTANT CRIES OF CROWS)

DOCTOR
Oh, don't mind them. They seem to have lost interest in us for the time being.

(FX: CRACK OF BAT ON BALL)

DOCTOR
(SHOUTING) Good shot! Well hit!

NYSSA
(EXASPERATED) Doctor.

DOCTOR
(DISTRACTED) Hmm?

NYSSA
Shouldn't we be asking about the TARDIS?

DOCTOR
(SIGHS) You're quite right. I'll make a few discreet enquiries, starting with this fellow. (CLEARS HIS THROAT) Excuse me?

(BEAT)

NYSSA
(QUIETLY) Perhaps he's deaf, Doctor. He is rather an old gentlemen.

DOCTOR
(RAISING HIS VOICE) Excuse me, I don't suppose you happen to have seen a tall blue box around here?

(BEAT)

Blue box? About so high? Says ‘Police’ above the door?

(BEAT)

I don’t think he understands me, Nyssa. He’s looking at me rather strangely.

NYSSA
(NERVOUSLY) Something’s happening, Doctor.

DOCTOR
What?

NYSSA
The cricketers. They’ve stopped their game and they’re heading towards us.

DOCTOR
(CALLS CHEERILY) Hello there! Please, carry on. Don’t mind us.

NYSSA
They’re all coming this way. I don’t like this, Doctor.

DOCTOR
(MUTTERS) Get ready to retreat, Nyssa. Back the way we came.

(FX: FAINT, THEN RAPIDLY RISING SOUND OF A DESCENDING SPACE CRAFT)

NYSSA
Doctor, what’s <u>that</u>?

DOCTOR
(SHOUTING ABOVE THE INCREASING ENGINE NOISE) It’s a passenger shuttle. A space craft.

NYSSA
(ALSO SHOUTING) Alien?

DOCTOR
No. Look at the insignia. It’s from Earth.

NYSSA
A woman from the 1960s. Weather-altering technology. Spaceships. What’s happening here, Doctor?

DOCTOR
I’m beginning to wonder. I’ll ask one of the cricketers.

NYSSA
You don't think they're hostile?

DOCTOR
There's no indication of it. They're ignoring us. (BEAT) Excuse me. (BEAT) I say, excuse me.

CRICKETER
(SPEAKS SLOWLY, AS THOUGH HE'S NOT ALL THERE) What?

DOCTOR
Would you mind telling me – who's in the shuttle?

CRICKETER
Visitors.

DOCTOR
And what visitors might those be?

CRICKETER
Visitors. Come every day. 'Cept Monday.

DOCTOR
I see. And <u>where</u> do the visitors come from?

CRICKETER
Outside.

NYSSA
Doctor, the shuttle's powering down. It's landing on the village green.

(FX: SHUTTLE POWERS DOWN)

DOCTOR
And here are the welcoming committee.

(FX: THE HUM OF A SKIMMER)

NYSSA
That's not a twenty-first century vehicle either, is it?

DOCTOR
No, it's a skimmer. Developed around the fortieth.

(FX: THE SKIMMER COMES TO A HALT. DOORS HISS OPEN)

DOCTOR
Come on, Nyssa. Let's introduce ourselves.

NYSSA
Is that wise, Doctor?

DOCTOR
We won't know until we do it, will we?

(FX: THE DOCTOR & NYSSA ADVANCE, & WE GO WITH THEM)

BARCLAY
(OFF, BUT GETTING LOUDER AS THE DOCTOR APPROACHES; GLUMLY)
Three visitors! I remember when we used to get eight full shuttles a day.

LYSETTE
That's the Trust's fault, Dad. If they didn't keep cutting our budget, we'd still be pulling in the punters.

BARCLAY
(GRUNTS) Aye, but that doesn't alter the fact that they'll still blame us. They're just looking for an excuse to close us down.

DOCTOR
(CALLING) Good morning! Or is it afternoon? Time just seems to fly here.

BARCLAY
(ASTONISHED) Who in Creation are you?

DOCTOR
I'm the Doctor and this is my friend, Nyssa.

BARCLAY
That's as may be, but… who are you?

NYSSA
We're visitors. (BEAT) Like the people in the shuttle?

LYSETTE
Visitors? But that's impossible. How did you get here?

NYSSA
I'm afraid that's a little hard to explain.

BARCLAY
You need a level one security code to gain access to the Bubble. (SUDDEN REALISATION) Oh, hang on, I've rumbled you. You're Trust Inspectors, aren't you? You've been sent to make a… what do they call it? An assessment of our profitability.

DOCTOR
Is it really that obvious?

BARCLAY
(SIGHS) I've been dreading this day. Knew it was bound to come sooner or later, of course. But tell me upfront, no mucking about — are you here to close us down?

DOCTOR
Not necessarily.

LYSETTE
Maybe we ought to introduce ourselves before we start peppering you with questions. I'm Lysette Barclay and this is my dad, Isaac. (BEAT) But you probably know that already?

DOCTOR
We know a great deal less than you might think, Miss Barclay. We've been… um, thrown in at the deep end, you might say.

NYSSA
We arrived in a blizzard.

LYSETTE
Ah. The winter quarter. Back in the old days we had snowball fights, a Christmas service in the church, mulled wine in the pub. Now the visitors tend to leave in the autumn quarter and the rest of us just stay indoors, batten down the hatches.

NYSSA
We went to the pub. It did look as though everyone had left in rather a hurry.

LYSETTE
Stage dressing. We leave the pub like that for the summer lunchtime session. It saves time.

(FX: THUMPING FROM INSIDE THE SHUTTLE; FISTS ON METAL)

ALEXIS LINFOOT
(MUFFLED; ANGRY) You out there! Are you going to keep us in this tin can all day?

LYSETTE
Excuse us. Duty calls.

DOCTOR
Of course. Pretend we aren't here. We'll just…observe.

(FX: CHEEP AND BEEP OF KEYPAD-TYPE BUTTONS; LOCKS DISENGAGING; A DOOR HUMMING OPEN. LYSETTE & BARCLAY AD LIB AS THEY OPEN THE DOOR. WHILE ALL THIS IS GOING ON…)

NYSSA
(LOW VOICE) What did Mr Barclay mean about getting access to 'the Bubble', Doctor?

DOCTOR
(LV) Environment bubble. I assume we're inside one. (MUSING) Which must put us somewhere beyond the Critical Age.

NYSSA
(LV) Critical Age?

DOCTOR
(LV) By the forty-fifth century, solar flare activity was so extreme that over 95% of the Earth's surface had become uninhabitable. Not that it really mattered. Humankind had been colonising other planets for centuries by then. Hardly anyone lived on the home world any more.

NYSSA
(LV) So this is what? The last outpost of civilisation?

DOCTOR
(LV) Something like that.

BARCLAY
(EXPANSIVELY) Madam! Gentlemen! Welcome to Stockbridge! I trust you had a pleasant flight?

RINXO JABBERY
(WARBLING, HIGH-PITCHED ALIEN VOICE) Merely adequate.

ALEXIS LINFOOT
I've never endured such a tortuous – or torturous – experience. My poor back feels as though it's been forced through a fusion grinder.

BARCLAY
Oh. Well, I'm very sorry (to)-

ALEXIS LINFOOT
Plus the aircon howled like a banshee, and the food was <u>appalling</u>.

VINCENT LINFOOT
(TENTATIVELY) It wasn't <u>that</u> bad, dear.

ALEXIS LINFOOT
Some of us, Vincent, expect basic catering standards for our hard-earned credits. My linguine tasted like the floor scrapings of a containment dome.

VINCENT LINFOOT
(WEAKLY) My fish was very nice.

ALEXIS LINFOOT
And as for dessert…

RINXO JABBERY
I, too, found the in-flight sustenance to be lacking in the correct nutrient levels required to sustain comfort…

(FX: AD LIB MUTTERING IN B/G AS NYSSA TALKS IN F/G TO DOCTOR)

NYSSA
(F/G BUT LV) Who's the purple gentleman with the tentacles, Doctor?

DOCTOR
(LV) He's a Lucerian. Very scholarly race. Blunt and humourless, but essentially non-aggressive.

BARCLAY
(CLEARS HIS THROAT) Madam, gentlemen, I'm very sorry for the… er, less than ideal start to your day. My name is Isaac Barclay, and I'm the co-ordinator here at the Stockbridge Heritage Experience. As you know, Stockbridge is one of only three such remaining sites in the entire Northern Hemisphere. Here, we can offer you the long-lost delights of a real English village, beautifully preserved. But before I blather on for too long, I'll hand you over to my daughter, Lysette, who'll be showing you round and answering your questions today. I hope you have a wonderful time and come to love Stockbridge as much as we do. Thank you.

VINCENT LINFOOT
(APPLAUDS — THEN REALISES HE IS THE ONLY ONE) Oh… er… mmm.

LYSETTE
Hello everyone. Before we start, I need to confirm a few particulars. According to my data pad, this party should consist of Professor Rinxo Jabbery of the Lucerian Unity…

RINXO JABBERY
(A BURBLE OF ASSENT) Present!

LYSETTE
And Mr and Mrs Vincent Linfoot of New Cheadle, Satellite 94.

ALEXIS LINFOOT
Present. Obviously.

LYSETTE
Excellent. If I could just scan your ID chips…

(B/G GENERAL AD LIB CHAT. F/G BARCLAY CHATS TO THE DOCTOR & NYSSA)

BARCLAY
(EMBARRASSED) Attendances are a little down, I'm afraid.

DOCTOR
Evidently history isn't what it used to be.

BARCLAY
Can I be blunt, Doctor?

DOCTOR
By all means.

BARCLAY
The truth is…we work our socks off here. But we just don't get the support and funding from your lot that we need and — frankly — deserve. Look around you, Doctor. Not only is this a valuable historical resource, it's a beautiful place. There's nowhere like Stockbridge in the entire universe, and it would be an absolute, unparalleled tragedy if we were to lose it.

DOCTOR
I quite agree.

BARCLAY
(SURPRISED) Do you?

DOCTOR
Oh yes. And believe me, Mr Barclay, if there's anything we can do to help keep Stockbridge up and running, we'll do it. Won't we, Nyssa?

NYSSA
Er… yes. Absolutely.

BARCLAY
(TAKEN ABACK) Well, that's… very gratifying to hear, Doctor.

DOCTOR
So tell me, Mr Barclay-

BARCLAY
Isaac. Call me Isaac.

DOCTOR
Even better. Tell me, Isaac, how many of you run this place?

BARCLAY
Well, to be honest with you, that's one of the reasons why we're falling to rack and ruin. Since the cutbacks, there've only been the three of us – myself, Lysette and our tech, Dobson.

NYSSA
Don't the villagers help?

BARCLAY
(LAUGHS) Oh, very droll! I like that: 'the villagers'!

NYSSA
(BEWILDERED) Well, don't they?

BARCLAY
(SUDDENLY REALIZING SHE'S SERIOUS) Blimey, they really did throw you in at the deep end, didn't they? Didn't they give you data packs?

DOCTOR
I'm afraid not.

BARCLAY
(SIGHS) The villagers are nth generation clones. Most of 'em can barely function as human beings any more. You see, the more we dip into the same gene pool the more it degrades. Life spans get shorter with each generation…

DOCTOR
And does that apply to the animal life too? The crows, for example?

BARCLAY
The crows?

NYSSA
Yes, we were attacked by a flock of crows earlier.

BARCLAY
Attacked? Really? Well, that shouldn't happen. The birds and animals are all ALs.

NYSSA
What are ALs?

BARCLAY
Now I know you're teasing me! Artificial life-forms, as you very well know. I'll have to get Dobson to look at the inhibitor grid – if he's not too busy. Problem is, soon as one thing gets fixed, another goes on the blink.

NYSSA
Have any of your problems here involved time, Mr Ba- Isaac?

BARCLAY
How do you mean, 'time'?

NYSSA
Well, it's just that when we arrived we heard… sounds. Part of a Christmas carol. A carriage rattling over cobbles. We wondered whether it was caused by some sort of time distortion. The past invading the present.

BARCLAY
(LAUGHS) You talking about ghosts, miss?

NYSSA
Well… not exactly.

BARCLAY
(CONTINUES TO LAUGH)

DOCTOR
(TERSELY) It <u>was</u> rather an unsettling experience.

BARCLAY
(CONTROLLING HIMSELF) Yes… I'm sure it was. Forgive me. It's just… there's a simple explanation for what you heard.

NYSSA
I'd very much like to hear it.

BARCLAY
We have a sound archive in Stockbridge. Lysette uses the recordings to give her guided tours a bit of oomph. Unfortunately, like everything else round here, the audio system's on the blink. Random sounds leak through at odd intervals. It's just something else to add to Dobson's ever-expanding list.

DOCTOR
There you are, Nyssa. Sounds effects, as we thought.

NYSSA
Hmm.

LYSETTE
(COMING ACROSS) Right, Dad, we're ready to move out. (LOW VOICE) That Mrs Linfoot's going to be a bundle of laughs. She complains about <u>everything</u>. Don't suppose you'd like to come along, would you, Nyssa? See the set-up? I could do with the moral support.

NYSSA
Well, I…

DOCTOR
Yes, why don't you, Nyssa? You could keep an eye out for… anything interesting.

NYSSA
(SIGHS) All right. What are you going to do?

DOCTOR
I'd rather like to see the environment system – if Isaac doesn't mind showing me?

BARCLAY
No, Doctor. My pleasure.

LYSETTE
Right then, we'll leave you to it. See you later.

BARCLAY
Cheerio, love. Oh, and, er… (LOWERS VOICE) don't take any nonsense from the old bat.

LYSETTE
(LAUGHS) I won't. You ready, Nyssa?

NYSSA
Yes. Doctor; Mr Barclay.

BARCLAY
See you later, Miss.

DOCTOR
Yes. Have fun.

LYSETTE
(OFF; MOVING AWAY) Right then, madam, gentlemen. Our first stop will be the church, the spire of which you can see poking above the rooftops over there. As we head towards it, I'll draw your attention to points of interest, starting with the village green to your left. The green is regarded as the focal point of the community, and has been the site of many significant events over the years. A local legend tells of a twelfth century battle between demons and holy men, which apparently resulted in the destruction of Stockbridge Castle, an event that was re-enacted annually until the twenty-first century… (FADES)

(FX: RUMBLE OF THUNDER)

DOCTOR
It appears the clouds are gathering, Isaac. Has a spring shower been programmed in for the purposes of authenticity?

BARCLAY
(WEARILY) No, Doctor. The environment receptors must be on the blink again. I'll call Dobson and wait for him in the local Environment Station. It's only on the other side of the Green there.

DOCTOR
In the bakery?

BARCLAY
The window display's a hologram projected onto a transparent resin screen. Wouldn't do to have a visible ES stuck in the middle of the village, would it? It'd spoil the illusion of olde-worlde charm.

DOCTOR
I suppose you're right. Pity the display's not real though. I'm rather partial to a jam tart.

CUT TO:

8. EXT. STOCKBRIDGE VILLAGE. EN ROUTE TO THE CHURCH

(FX: THE GROUP APPROACH & STOP)

LYSETTE
The narrow lane on the right there was once known locally as Witch's Run. It leads to a pond, where it was claimed so-called witches in the sixteenth century were subjected to an ordeal known as trial by water. This involved the accused being bound hand and foot and thrown into the pond. If he or she sank and drowned – and they invariably did – they were considered to be innocent, whereas if they floated they were thought to be guilty, and were subsequently put to death.

VINCENT LINFOOT
How fascinating.

ALEXIS LINFOOT
Fascinating my foot. It's utterly vile.

RINXO JABBERY
And yet another example of the inherent foolishness of your species.

LYSETTE
Do please examine the waterpump over there. The iron was cast in the village smithy, which we'll be seeing shortly.

(FX: THE TOURISTS MOVE OFF A LITTLE, BICKERING)

ALEXIS LINFOOT
(OFF; GROWING FAINTER) 'Inherent foolishness'? In Creation's name, you don't honestly think we're still like that, do you? You're the fool if you can't see how we've evolved.

RINXO JABBERY
(OFF; GROWING FAINTER) And yet you continually fail to learn the lessons of your past. You lurch from one environmental calamity to another. Take the parlous situation on Satellite 16, for example… (VOICE FADES)

(FX: RUMBLE OF THUNDER. LYSETTE & NYSSA REMAIN WHERE THEY ARE)

LYSETTE
That's odd.

NYSSA
What is?

LYSETTE
That bank of black cloud hanging over the green.

NYSSA
It shouldn't be there?

LYSETTE
No.

NYSSA
I see what you mean. It looks almost solid. Manufactured. Or am I being silly?

LYSETTE
Oh well, I'm sure it's just a glitch. Dobson will sort it out. (BEAT; WRYLY) And hopefully before her ladyship concludes that bad weather constitutes a breach of contract and decides to sue us. (LOUDLY, MOVING OFF) Now, if you'd care to move down here…

CUT TO:

9. INT. LOCAL ENVIRONMENT STATION

(FX: THE HUM, WHIRRING & QUIET BEEPING OF SOPHISTICATED FUTURISTIC TECHNOLOGY.)

BARCLAY
Thanks, Dobson. Over and out. (FX: SWITCHES OFF COMMUNICATOR) Tech's a bit busy at the moment. He'll be here as soon as he can. So what do you think of our environment system, Doctor?

DOCTOR
Intriguing. I presume this is the climatic phasing adjunct to the main manipulator controls?

BARCLAY
If you say so. I'm not a tech. You seem a bit of an expert, though.

DOCTOR
Oh, I dabble – certainly enough to know that the technological expertise required to implement a phasing system of this complexity is… well, frankly mind-boggling. The compatibility linkage alone is – are you sure you haven't had help with this?

BARCLAY
Help?

DOCTOR
Alien help, Isaac. This is incredibly advanced technology.

BARCLAY
This was all installed before I arrived.

(FX: THUNDER RUMBLES)

DOCTOR
Hmm. Mind if I have a poke around inside, see what's what? I might even be able to pinpoint the source of your cloud problem for you.

BARCLAY
Better not. No disrespect, Doctor, but only an authorised tech is allowed to access the system. It's a Trust directive.

DOCTOR
Is it? Well, I hope your man arrives soon, or your summer season is likely to be a wash-out. In fact… yes, I do believe the first spots are already starting to fall.

(FX: TENTATIVE TAPS OF RAIN ON THE WINDOW)

BARCLAY
Look at those damn silly villagers, raising their hands to the skies, as if they've never seen rain before. Clones! I don't know how… oh!

DOCTOR
What is it?

BARCLAY
Look outside.

CUT TO:

10. EXT. VILLAGE GREEN

(FX: RAIN; VILLAGERS ARE GROANING, THEN SCREAMING IN AGONY)

CUT TO:

11. INT. LOCAL ENVIRONMENT STATION

BARCLAY
In Creation's name! They're writhing, collapsing…

CUT TO:

12. EXT. VILLAGE GREEN

(FX: RAIN INCREASING; SCREAMING LOCALS; BURNING HISS OF ACID)

CUT TO:

13. INT. LOCAL ENVIRONMENT STATION

BARCLAY
It must be something in the rain! It's burning them like acid!

DOCTOR
(APPALLED) But Nyssa and Lysette are out there!

THEME MUSIC

END OF PART ONE

PART TWO

(REPRISE)

10. EXT. VILLAGE GREEN

(FX: THE RAIN IS HAMMERING DOWN; VILLAGERS ARE GROANING, THEN SCREAMING IN AGONY)

CUT TO:

11. INT. LOCAL ENVIRONMENT STATION

BARCLAY
In Creation's name! They're writhing, collapsing…

CUT TO:

12. EXT. VILLAGE GREEN

(FX: HAMMERING RAIN; SCREAMING LOCALS)

CUT TO:

13. INT. LOCAL ENVIRONMENT STATION

BARCLAY
It must be something in the rain! It's burning them like acid!

DOCTOR
(APPALLED) But Nyssa and Lysette are out there!

14. INT. LOCAL ENVIRONMENT STATION (CONTINUED)

(FX: RAIN. ACID HISSING.)

DOCTOR
Do you have a comms link to Lysette?

BARCLAY
(STILL STARING IN HORROR OUT THE WINDOW) Look at them…

DOCTOR
(SHARPLY) Isaac! A comms link? Hurry, man!

BARCLAY
What? Oh, er, yes, I… (FX: RADIO INTERFERENCE) Damn and blast! Link's down.

DOCTOR
(GRIM) The adverse weather conditions, no doubt.

(FX: ABOVE DRUMMING RAIN AND THE NOW DWINDLING HOWLS OF PAIN FROM OUTSIDE, SOMETHING THUMPS AGAINST THE DOOR)

BARCLAY
(ALARMED) Doctor!

(FX: ANOTHER THUMP)

(WHISPERING) It's one of the clones. What should we do?

DOCTOR
Open the door, Isaac.

BARCLAY
Do you think that's wise? Look at the state of them out there. First they collapse, and now they're all getting up again. Like the walking dead!

DOCTOR
Certainly, their intent does seem… murderous.

BARCLAY
Yeah, and most of 'em are coming this way.

DOCTOR
Nevertheless, Isaac, we can't leave them outside to suffer. They need to get out of that rain!

BARCLAY
Do they? There are other buildings they could head for, Doctor, if all they want is shelter. What's so special about this one?

DOCTOR
We're in it. They need our help.

BARCLAY
But how do they know we're in here? You're forgetting the holographic screen, Doctor. All they can see is an empty bakery – and yet they're headed this way. It's like they can sense us. It's… well, it's creepy.

(FX: MORE THUMPS ON THE DOOR)

DOCTOR
I take your point, Isaac, but even so I'd very much like to find out precisely what effect that rain is having on them. (HESITATES) We'll let one of them in. Then, once we've made an assessment, we'll decide on the rest.

BARCLAY
(UNCERTAIN) Okay. But we'd better move quickly. They're converging on us.

DOCTOR
You open the door, and I'll grab whoever's knocking.

(FX: CLICK OF CUPBOARD OPENING)

BARCLAY
You'd better put these gloves on, Doctor. Best not risk getting that rain on your hands.

(FX: HE THROWS THE GLOVES TO THE DOCTOR, WHO CATCHES THEM & PUTS THEM ON, TALKING AS HE DOES SO)

DOCTOR
Thank you, Isaac. Ready?

BARCLAY
As I'll ever be.

DOCTOR
Open the door… Now!

(FX: DOOR OPENS; VOLUME OF RAIN INCREASES; GROANS OF THE ADVANCING VILLAGERS BECOME ATTACKING SNARLS; THERE IS A SCUFFLE)

DOCTOR
(SHOUTING; STRUGGLING) I've got her! Close the door, Isaac!

(FX: DOOR SLAMS ON THE ADVANCING SNARLS. IMMEDIATELY THERE ARE A RENEWED FLURRY OF THUMPS ON THE DOOR. FINGERNAILS SCRATCH IT)

(FX: INSIDE, THE DOCTOR'S CAPTIVE SNARLS AND SPITS AND THRASHES)

BARCLAY
(SHOCKED) That's Mrs Sowerby from the post office. In Creation's name, her eyes are completely black. She looks like she's been dead for days.

DOCTOR
(STRUGGLING) I'd appreciate some help to subdue her. She's remarkably lively for a corpse.

BARCLAY
Sorry. Hang on.

(FX: SCRAPE OF CHAIR; CLICK OF CUPBOARD OPENING)

BARCLAY
Sit her down, Doctor. I'll wrap this environment suit round her. I can tie it together at the back.

(FX: STRUGGLE; MRS SOWERBY CONTINUES TO HISS AND SNARL; THE THUMPS ON THE DOOR CONTINUE; MRS SOWERBY SUBSIDES, ONCE TIED)

BARCLAY
(PANTING) There we go. By heck, she's stronger than she looks.

DOCTOR
(ALSO PANTING) I rather think she's no longer herself. She's being controlled by whatever's in that rain.

(FX: MRS SOWERBY SNARLS & SNAPS)

BARCLAY
(RECOILING) What do you think it is, Doctor?

DOCTOR
No idea. Something absorbed through the skin? I'll know more once I've analysed her.

BARCLAY
What with? This is an environment station, not a medical lab.

DOCTOR
Well, we'll just have to make the best of what we've got.

(FX: THE DOCTOR SETS ABOUT GATHERING WHATEVER APPARATUS IS TO HAND & LAYING IT OUT ON THE NEARBY WORKBENCH.)

BARCLAY
But… where's it come from, this acid rain?

DOCTOR
(BUSY) Outside, Isaac. Outside the protective bubble.

BARCLAY
(HORRIFIED) You think someone's *targeted* Stockbridge?

DOCTOR
Yes, I do. (BREAKS OFF HIS PREPARATIONS) What is it about this place that attracts such trouble?

(FX: THE BARRAGE ON THE DOOR STEPS UP A NOTCH; MRS SOWERBY SNARLS)

DOCTOR
They're finding their feet, getting stronger and faster. How sturdy is that door, Isaac?

BARCLAY
It’s solid oak, Doctor. It’s stood for centuries. And the window’s reinforced resin. Tougher than steel.

(FX: A SERIES OF SHUDDERING THUMPS AS THE VILLAGERS THROW THEMSELVES AT THE BUILDING; THE SUDDEN OMINOUS SOUND OF SPLINTERING WOOD; MRS SOWERBY SNARLS LOUDER & HISSES)

BARCLAY
(NERVOUSLY) Maybe the door's not quite as strong as I thought.

DOCTOR
Time to fortify our defences, Isaac. Give me a hand with that workbench.

(FX: THE DOCTOR & BARCLAY DRAG THE BENCH ACROSS TO THE DOOR, ITEMS RATTLING & FALLING OFF IT AS THEY DO. MRS SOWERBY BEGINS TO HOWL. CUT TO:)

15. EXT. CHURCHYARD

(FX: CALM SPRING DAY. ALL IS NORMAL.)

LYSETTE
Is it just me or is that cloud starting to move this way?

NYSSA
It's not just you. It's expanding slowly, growing outwards from its central point above the village green. With the rain falling vertically beneath it, it looks… no, I'm being fanciful.

LYSETTE
What were you going to say?

NYSSA
I was going to say that those bars of rain make it look as though a giant cage is moving towards us.

LYSETTE
(SHUDDERS) What a creepy idea. I've never seen anything like it before. (LOW VOICE) I hope they manage to sort it out or it'll be something else for the old dragon to moan about. We're not supposed to get rain until the autumn quarter.

(FX: AN APPROACHING SLITHER)

RINXO JABBERY
What are these markers? Speak clearly into the data recorder.

LYSETTE
(OFF-GUARD) Oh. They're… um, tombstones, Professor Jabbery.

RINXO JABBERY
Explain their purpose.

LYSETTE
They mark the final resting places of the dead. They provide a focus for mourning and remembrance.

RINXO JABBERY
Your species buries its dead beneath these markers?

LYSETTE
Well… yes. At least, they used to.

RINXO JABBERY
That is a waste of resources. On Luceria we re-absorb our dead. They provide welcome sustenance. You should do this.

LYSETTE
Thanks. We'll… bear it in mind.

ALEXIS LINFOOT
(JOINS THEM, OUT OF BREATH) We most certainly will not. I've never heard anything so barbaric!

RINXO JABBERY
Your opinion is unnecessarily emotional. This is typical of your species. Stellian Galaxy dwellers have a predilection for unproductive activity and pointless discourse. I will now record my observations on the interior of this primitive structure. (FX: HE SLITHERS AWAY)

ALEXIS LINFOOT
Insufferable creature!

LYSETTE
We must allow for cultural differences, Mrs Linfoot.

ALEXIS LINFOOT
Must we? If I want your ill-informed opinion, child, I'll ask for it.

NYSSA
Well, you'll have to ask nicely if you exp(ect)-

ALEXIS LINFOOT
Don't interrupt me when I'm speaking. Your insolence is second only to your lack of consideration.

LYSETTE
(BEWILDERED) Lack of consideration? I don't-

ALEXIS LINFOOT
If you think ignorance is a defence, child, you are much mistaken. My husband is elderly and infirm-

NYSSA
I wouldn't describe (Mr Linfoot) —

ALEXIS LINFOOT
(RAISING HER VOICE) … and yet you have made no allowances whatsoever for this. You insist on setting off at a blistering pace with no thought as to how poor Vincent is expected to (keep up) —

NYSSA
Hardly blistering, Mrs Linfoot. Besides, I can see Mr Linfoot at the gate now. He looks perfectly fine.

ALEXIS LINFOOT
He's evidently exhausted.

NYSSA
Well, he doesn't look it to me.

LYSETTE
(ACTING AS PEACEMAKER; TURNS AND CALLS) Mr Linfoot, I'm sorry for leaving you behind.

VINCENT LINFOOT
Leaving me…? No, no, not a bit of it, my dear. Entirely my own fault. I was distracted by the memorial, you see. It's a most –

ALEXIS LINFOOT
(SOURLY) You always have to play the martyr, don't you, Vincent?

VINCENT LINFOOT
Martyr? Well, no, I don't think –

ALEXIS LINFOOT
My husband is here for a specific purpose – not that he would dream of mentioning it, of course.

VINCENT LINFOOT
Actually I was just about to –

ALEXIS LINFOOT
He's searching for genealogical evidence, and would therefore like some time to look around the churchyard. I trust that can be accommodated? Or do you intend to whisk us off elsewhere before we've barely had time to catch our breath?

LYSETTE
No. I mean… yes, of course. Take all the time you need, Mr Linfoot.

VINCENT LINFOOT
Thank you, my dear.

NYSSA
So your family was originally from Stockbridge?

VINCENT LINFOOT
Indeed, yes. I've traced my lineage back several hundred generations. It's been a long-held ambition of mine to travel to the land of my forefathers.

ALEXIS LINFOOT
And don't I know it! He's prattled on about it for years. I only agreed to come to this god-forsaken hole in the hope it would shut him up.

LYSETTE
Well, I hope you find what you're looking for, Mr Linfoot. The oldest graves are the ones to the left there.

VINCENT LINFOOT.
Thank you. Then that's where I'll start.

(FX: RECEDING CRUNCH OF FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL)

NYSSA
Aren't you joining your husband, Mrs Linfoot?

ALEXIS LINFOOT
Grub around in the dirt? Certainly not. I'm going to find somewhere cool and quiet to sit down.

LYSETTE
Then I suggest we join Professor Jabbery inside the church. I think you'll find the interior architecture extremely interesting. St Justinian's dates back to the eleventh century, and many of the hand-carved pews —

ALEXIS LINFOOT
Save the lecture for someone who cares, child. (FX: MARCHES OFF)

NYSSA
What a dreadful woman!

LYSETTE
You meet all sorts in this job.

NYSSA
How does Mr Linfoot put up with her?

LYSETTE
He must have the patience of a saint. (CALLS) Happy hunting, Mr Linfoot. We'll be inside, if you need us!

VINCENT LINFOOT
(OFF) Thank you.

LYSETTE
(WITH A SIGH) Come on, Nyssa. Time to see if the church can instil a sense of peace in Mrs Linfoot.(FX: LYSETTE STARTS TO MOVE OFF, BUT STOPS WHEN SHE REALIZES NYSSA ISN'T FOLLOWING HER) Nyssa?

NYSSA
Sorry. I was just thinking about the Doctor and your father. I hope they're all right underneath that cloud…

16. INT. LOCAL ENVIRONMENT STATION

(FX: B/G BARRAGE OF RAIN, THE SNARLS OF THE CREATURES AND THE THUMPING AS THEY TRY TO GAIN ACCESS TO THE STATION CONTINUES THROUGHOUT THIS SCENE.)

BARCLAY
Sorry, I'm being thick. Tell me again what you've done, Doctor.

DOCTOR
It's quite simple really. I've re-routed the electromagnetic resonance recorder, and fed it back through the atmospheric motion sensors.

BARCLAY
Riiiight. (BEAT) And that does what exactly?

DOCTOR
(SIGHS) Imagine I hypnotised you into believing you were a doctor. What might you do?

BARCLAY
I don't know. Behave like a doctor? Try to cure people?

DOCTOR
Exactly.

BARCLAY
(BEAT) Sorry, you've lost me.

DOCTOR
(PATIENTLY) Put simply, I've convinced this weather machine of yours that it's a cellular analyser. So all I have to do is slot Mrs Sowerby's saliva sample into here, and…

(FX: BUSY MACHINE NOISES)

BARCLAY
And what, Doctor?

DOCTOR
And we wait patiently for the results. Shouldn't be long.

(FX: FADE UP THE SNARLS & THUMPS & RAIN, THEN CUT TO:)

17. EXT. CHURCHYARD

(FX: VINCENT LINFOOT TRAMPING THROUGH THE UNDERGROWTH; HUMMING TUNELESSLY)

VINCENT LINFOOT
(MURMURING) Now then… what have we here? Just clear away some of this moss, shall we? And…

(FX: METAL IMPLEMENT SCRAPING STONE)

VINCENT LINFOOT
Ah. 'In memory of Harold Withers, Alice Withers and their loving son Philip, taken from us 24th June 1989, aged – oh dear… seven years. Very sad.

(FX: METAL ON STONE)

VINCENT LINFOOT
Jane Potter… 11th May 1964… 18 years… (SIGHS) Such short lives.

(FX: MORE TRUDGING)

VINCENT LINFOOT
'Netty Corrigan'… one hundred and twelve! That's more like it. Jackson, Grubb, Sinclair, Sinclair, Sinclair… and… (SUDDEN EXCITEMENT) Oh my word! Edward Linfoot! 1872. Aged 56 years. Oh, this is wonderful! Wonderful… Where's my camera?

(FX: GENERAL RUMMAGING)

VINCENT LINFOOT
Ah, here we are… now then… I'll just…

(FX: CAMERA NOISES, SUPERSEDED BY A RUMBLE OF THUNDER)

VINCENT LINFOOT
Hmm… looks like rain… well, a bit of water never hurt anybody. Now, how does this contraption work? Aha.

(FX: CAMERA SHUTTER. B/G THUNDER RUMBLES AGAIN. CUT TO:)

18. INT. CHURCH

(FX: SAME ATMOSPHERE AS IN EPISODE ONE. VOICES ECHO. LYSETTE SEARCHES IN HER BAG FOR BLISTER PACKS OF TABLETS)

LYSETTE
Would you like a refresher pack, Mrs Linfoot?

ALEXIS LINFOOT
No I would not. I can't abide those ghastly tablets. Don't you have a proper drink in that bag?

LYSETTE
I'm afraid not. But we'll be stopping for lunch at the Green Dragon in two hours. Traditional 'pub grub'.

ALEXIS LINFOOT
Hmpf. I'll be dead of thirst by then.

LYSETTE
(MOVING AWAY; UNDER HER BREATH) With any luck.

NYSSA
(QUIETLY) The Doctor and I ordered food in the Green Dragon earlier. It wasn't very pleasant.

LYSETTE
You arrived in winter, didn't you?

NYSSA
Yes, why? Does it make a difference?

LYSETTE
We've been having problems with the food preservation units. Dobson is constantly patching up the system, but it's disintegrating, like everything else. The freezer vaults are okay, but as soon as the food is thawed out it goes off very quickly. If you don't eat it within six hours it's rotten. Dad thinks it's something to do with the humidity (shields)-

(FX: A BIG THUNDERCLAP)

ALEXIS LINFOOT
What is that?

(FX: RAIN AGAINST THE WINDOW, LIGHT AT FIRST, BECOMING HEAVIER AS THE CONVERSATION CONTINUES)

RINXO JABBERY
Evidence suggests unseasonal precipitation.

ALEXIS LINFOOT
What?

LYSETTE
(RESIGNEDLY) It's starting to rain, Mrs Linfoot.

ALEXIS LINFOOT
I know that! I mean why is it raining?

NYSSA
Spring shower?

ALEXIS LINFOOT
Don't be facetious, child. Rain only occurs in the autumn quarter. Sunshine is guaranteed during the exposed sections of the tour. Guaranteed. Do you understand what that means?

NYSSA
Of course I do.

ALEXIS LINFOOT
Oh, this really is the most shoddy-

(FX: FROM OUTSIDE COME SCREAMS, RISING IN PITCH AS THE RAIN BECOMES HARDER)

ALEXIS LINFOOT
That's my Vincent!

LYSETTE
What's happening?

NYSSA
Let's find out.

(FX: F/G RAPID FOOTSTEPS ON STONE; B/G SCREAMS AND RAIN FROM OUTSIDE. THEN CREAK OF DOOR OPENING; SCREAMS AND RAIN INCREASE IN VOLUME)

NYSSA
There he is!

LYSETTE
What's wrong with him?

RINXO JABBERY
Mr Linfoot appears to be in acute physical discomfort.

LYSETTE
He's on his knees. It's as though someone's attacking him.

ALEXIS LINFOOT
(SCREECHING) Well, help him, for Creation's sake! Don't just stand there!

LYSETTE
Of course, I-

(FX: SCUFF OF FOOTSTEP ON STONE AS SHE STARTS TO MOVE FORWARD)

NYSSA
Lysette, don't!

LYSETTE
What?

NYSSA
I think it's the rain. It's something in the rain.

LYSETTE
But… that's impossible! The rain inside the Bubble is perfectly safe.

RINXO JABBERY
Evidence would suggest otherwise.

ALEXIS LINFOOT
It's nothing to do with the rain! It's a seizure! A heart attack!

NYSSA
I don't think so.

ALEXIS LINFOOT
I don't care what you think! My Vincent needs help. You, girl! It's your duty to help him.

LYSETTE
(UNCERTAINLY) I don't-

ALEXIS LINFOOT
Now, child!

NYSSA
No. Stay where you are, Lysette.

RINXO JABBERY
Agreed. Logic suggests caution.

ALEXIS LINFOOT
How dare you refuse! Well, if you won't help – get out of my way!

(FX: GENERAL SCUFFLE)

NYSSA
Mrs Linfoot, don't! Professor Jabbery, stop her!

ALEXIS LINFOOT
Get those filthy tentacles away from me, you purple freak!

(FX: A JELLY-LIKE SLAP; PROFESSOR JABBERY SQUAWKS IN SURPRISE)

NYSSA
(DESPERATION) Mrs Linfoot!

ALEXIS LINFOOT
You're all cowards! For Creation's sake, he's only over there!

(FX: SHE POINTS OUT INTO THE RAIN; RAIN SPLASHING ON FLESH)

ALEXIS LINFOOT
(SCREAMS)

CUT TO:

19. INT. LOCAL ENVIRONMENT STATION

(FX: THE SAME SPORADIC THUMPS ON THE DOOR; BARCLAY IS SEARCHING FOR THINGS IN CUPBOARDS; THE DOCTOR IS WORKING ON THE COMPUTER)

DOCTOR
The results of the cloud analysis should be coming through soon. How are our friends outside?

BARCLAY
Persistent as ever, I'm afraid. Aha! I knew there'd be one about here somewhere.

DOCTOR
One what?

(FX: BARCLAY PULLS OUT AN ENVIRONMENT SUIT)

BARCLAY
Another environment suit. Should provide complete protection from the rain. Now, if only we had a phaser rifle, we'd be laughing.

DOCTOR
(BREAKING OFF FROM HIS COMPUTER WORK, APPALLED) You'd be prepared to shoot down your fellow citizens in cold blood?

BARCLAY
(DEFENSIVELY) Well… only if they attacked me first. And like you said, Doctor, they're not really people any more, are they? Look at Mrs Sowerby. (FX: MRS SOWERBY SNARLS AND HISSES) Creation only knows what she's become.

DOCTOR
That's hardly an excuse for murder.

BARCLAY
(SHAME-FACEDLY) No, Doctor. You're right. Whatever they are, I suppose it's not their fault. It's just… being stuck here, not knowing what's happening to Lysette.

DOCTOR
You've tried calling her again?

BARCLAY
Aye. Dobson too. I can't raise anybody.

DOCTOR
Whoever the aliens are, they must be blocking the communications network. If that tech of yours – Dobson, was it? – turns up unprepared…

BARCLAY
I know. It hardly bears thinking about.

(FX: BLEEPY MACHINE NOISES)

DOCTOR
Aha! The results. (BEAT; DISAPPOINTED) Oh.

BARCLAY
What's up?

DOCTOR
Sometimes the available resources will only stretch so far.

BARCLAY
You mean the analyser hasn't worked?

DOCTOR
No, no. It has – but only up to a point. These readings confirm that Mrs Sowerby's body has been invaded by a sophisticated micro-organism.

BARCLAY
'Organism'? What kind of organism?

DOCTOR
The analyser isn't sophisticated enough to tell me that. If I knew precisely what it was we were up against I'd be better equipped to deal with it.

BARCLAY
You'd have more chance at the CES, Doctor.

DOCTOR
CES?

BARCLAY
Central Environment Station. It links all the local stations together. I'll tell you, Doctor, you'd be able to <u>stop</u> the rain from there, never mind analyse it.

DOCTOR
And where exactly is the CES?

BARCLAY
Middle of Wells Wood, about five miles away. But it might as well be on the moon, as far as we're concerned.

DOCTOR
Not necessarily. How far away would you say the visitors' shuttle was, Isaac?

BARCLAY
From here? Hundred and fifty metres?

DOCTOR
Hmm… Perhaps if I could manipulate the environmental conditions slightly – create a localized fog between here and the shuttle…

BARCLAY
Oh, come on, Doctor! You'd never make it.

DOCTOR
The comms unit in the shuttle is equipped for deep space communications, so it'll be fitted with what? A WN5 filtration booster?

BARCLAY
Don't be daft. That system went out with the Ark. It's all WN9 now.

DOCTOR
Even better. So it will have a far greater range than the local communicators. I could use it to break through the interference and contact Nyssa and Lysette. Then I could override the auto-pilot on the shuttle, fly it to the CES, switch off the rain, work out what we're up against and come up with a way of fighting back.

BARCLAY
Aye, you could do that. But I still say it'd be suicide going out there.

(FX: RUSTLING OF MATERIAL)

BARCLAY
(ALARMED) What are you doing?

DOCTOR
I'm preparing to test the efficiency of this environment suit you just found. We can work out the finer details of the plan while I get ready. Now, where does this bit go, d'you suppose?

(FX: RUSTLE OF MATERIAL. CUT TO:)

20a. INT. CHURCH

(FX: THE CHURCH DOOR IS THROWN OPEN & EVERYONE BUNDLES BACK IN NOISILY. OUTSIDE WE CAN HEAR THE RAIN.)

ALEXIS LINFOOT
(SCREAMS) My hand! It's burning!

NYSSA
Quickly, get her back inside.

ALEXIS LINFOOT
(GROANS OF PAIN; SHE SWOONS)

LYSETTE
Watch out! She's fainting!

(FX: ALEXIS FALLING INTO RINXO'S TENTACLED ARMS, KNOCKING POSTCARDS & VISTORS' BOOK OFF THE TABLE BY THE DOOR; RINXO GRUNTS WITH EFFORT)

NYSSA
Well caught, Professor Jabbery!

LYSETTE
How is she?

RINXO JABBERY
She is in a state of unconsciousness.

LYSETTE
I mean apart from that?

NYSSA
As far as I can see, only her hand was splashed. Shut the door, would you? Now, I have some tissues somewhere…

(FX: GENERAL MOVEMENT; THE BARRAGE OF RAIN AND VINCENT'S SCREAMS – WINDING DOWN TO WHIMPERS AND GROANS NOW – ARE CUT OFF BY THE CLOSING CHURCH DOOR. NYSSA RUMMAGES IN HER POCKETS; CRACKLE OF CELLOPHANE)

NYSSA
Here we are.

LYSETTE
Don't touch the water on her skin.

NYSSA
Don't worry, I'll be careful… (SHE CLEANS THE WOUND) There, done.

LYSETTE
Well, she looks all right. There's no rash or anything.

ALEXIS
(GROANS AND MUTTERS)

RINXO JABBERY
Mrs Linfoot's heartbeat is becoming slower and more regular. Is this a favourable indication?

NYSSA
Yes, it's a good sign.

RINXO JABBERY
I believe she is also regaining consciousness. Former experience suggests that this is not a good sign. Mrs Linfoot has expressed repugnance at all previous instances of physical contact between us.

NYSSA
You'd better lay her down on the flagstones. Lysette, would you pass one of those, uh —

LYSETTE
Hassocks?

NYSSA
Hassocks, yes. To support her head.

(FX: LYSETTE MOVES OFF A COUPLE OF PACES & RETRIEVES ONE)

LYSETTE
Here you go.

ALEXIS LINFOOT
(COMING ROUND) Vincent… got to…

NYSSA
Ssh, Mrs Linfoot. You're safe.

LYSETTE
(ASIDE) But what about Mr Linfoot? We can't just leave him outside.

NYSSA
I don't like it any more than you. But what do you suggest?

LYSETTE
I don't know, but…

RINXO JABBERY
Perhaps if we constructed a portable shelter to protect our bodies from the harmful elements?

NYSSA
Look around you. There's nothing. No handy tarpaulin, not even an old umbrella.

LYSETTE
I'll call Dad. Maybe he can send someone. (FX: COMMUNICATOR SOUNDS; INTERFERENCE) There's no signal. We're… isolated.

NYSSA
At least until the rain stops.

LYSETTE
Oh, this is awful! There must be something we can do!

NYSSA
Ssh, listen.

(FX: FROM OUTSIDE COME ZOMBIE-LIKE GROANS)

LYSETTE
What is it? Mr Linfoot?

NYSSA
I'll go and see. Lysette, you wait here with Mrs Linfoot. Professor Jabbery, will you come with me?

RINXO JABBERY
Certainly.

ALEXIS LINFOOT
(WOOZY) No, I… please… don't… (SUDDENLY SNAPS AWAKE) Where am I? What's happening?

LYSETTE
You were injured, Mrs Linfoot. You need to (lie still)-

ALEXIS LINFOOT
Get your hands off me! What am I doing on this filthy floor? Where's Vincent?

LYSETTE
He's still outside, Mrs Linfoot. We haven't (been able)-

ALEXIS LINFOOT
Outside? In the rain? But it's poisonous, child. It <u>burns</u>. You must help him!

NYSSA
We're doing all we can, Mrs Linfoot.

ALEXIS LINFOOT
Oh? <u>What</u> are you doing exactly?

RINXO JABBERY
We are minimising casualties. It is currently our only logical course of action.

ALEXIS LINFOOT
Damn your logic! My Vincent's out there!

NYSSA
We can't go out, Mrs Linfoot. You tried it yourself and look what happened.

(FX: ANOTHER BOUT OF GROANS/SNARLS)

ALEXIS LINFOOT
What's that?

NYSSA
That's what we're about to find out. Come on, Professor Jabbery.

(FX: FOOTSTEPS AND SLITHERING AS THEY MOVE AWAY)

ALEXIS LINFOOT
I've got to help Vincent.

(FX: SHE SCRAMBLES TO HER FEET)

LYSETTE
Mrs Linfoot, I think you should (rest) —

ALEXIS LINFOOT
Get away, you vile little creature. (SUDDEN PAIN) Argh, my hand!

LYSETTE
(DESPERATION) Mrs Linfoot, you're injured-

ALEXIS LINFOOT
Leave me alone. (SHOUTING; HEART-BREAKING, PATHETIC) Vincent, my love… I'm coming…

(FX: STUMBLING FOOTSTEPS AS SHE CROSSES TO NYSSA AND PROFESSOR JABBERY)

NYSSA
Ready, Professor Jabbery?

RINXO JABBERY
I am in a state of maximum preparation.

NYSSA
Here goes. Please keep back, Mrs Linfoot.

(FX: DOOR OPENS; THE SOUND OF RAIN INCREASES)

(BEAT)

LYSETTE
I can't see Mr Linfoot.

ALEXIS LINFOOT
(VOICE CRACKED; SLIGHTLY DELIRIOUS) Vincent? Vincent, where are you?

(FX: SUDDEN GROANS – ALMOST SNARLS)

NYSSA
Look there… crouched behind that gravestone.

LYSETTE
Oh, Creation! What's wrong with him?

NYSSA
He looks very ill.

LYSETTE
His eyes are completely black. And look at the way he's moving. All sort of… strange and jerky. Like a puppet.

RINXO JABBERY
A fascinating transformation.

LYSETTE
It's horrible!

ALEXIS LINFOOT
We must go to him. Help him.

NYSSA
I've a feeling he's beyond help, Mrs Linfoot.

ALEXIS LINFOOT
No! He can't be. Vincent! Vincent!

(FX: THE SNARLS ABRUPTLY INCREASE, BECOME MORE PURPOSEFUL)

LYSETTE
He's seen us!

NYSSA
And he doesn't look happy!

(FX: THE SNARLS RISE INTO AN ATTACK CRY. CUT TO:)

20b. INT. LOCAL ENVIRONMENT STATION

(FX: B/G SNARLS AND THUMPS ON WOOD; EVER-CONSTANT BARRAGE OF RAIN. THE DOCTOR IS DOING UP THE FINAL ZIPS ON HIS ENVIRONMENTAL PROTECTION SUIT; BARCLAY ENTERS FROM THE REAR OFFICE)

DOCTOR
How's Mrs Sowerby?

BARCLAY
Let's just say she didn't take kindly to being relegated to the back office. Look, I'm not happy about this, Doctor.

DOCTOR
I can't say I'm entirely overcome with joy myself, Isaac. But we don't have much alternative.

BARCLAY
We could sit tight. Wait for help. It's bound to come eventually.

DOCTOR
I doubt that. Besides, I've never been one to rely on other people. 'Incorrigibly pro-active'. That's what they always said about me at the Academy.

BARCLAY
Pro-active's one thing, but this is bloomin' suicide!

DOCTOR
Quite possibly. But at least if you're right you'll have the satisfaction of saying 'I told you so.' (BEAT) And I'll have the satisfaction of not being able to hear you. Now how do I get this helmet on? Ah. (FX: SUCTIONY SOUND AS THE HELMET SEALS ITSELF IN PLACE. THE DOCTOR'S VOICE IS MUFFLED) How do I look?

BARCLAY
Like an oven-ready chicken.

DOCTOR
Well, let's just hope our friends out there are'nt partial to a roast dinner.

BARCLAY
More to the point, let's hope the seals in that suit are water-tight.

DOCTOR
We'll soon find out.

BARCLAY
And how's your mobility?

DOCTOR
Limited. It's a snug fit. How's the fog out there?

BARCLAY
Building up nicely. You're a marvel with this tech stuff, Doctor, I'll give you that.

DOCTOR
Yes, it's not a bad lash-up, though I say so myself. The system won't last long, though. As soon as the temperature gauge reaches critical, the safety cut-off will activate, and the fog will disperse quickly.

BARCLAY
As long as it lasts long enough for you to reach that shuttle. (CHUCKLE) I dread to think how many Trust directives you've broken messing about with these systems, Doctor. They'll have my guts for garters if they find out. Yours too, no doubt. I mean they are your employers, after all —

DOCTOR
(INTERRUPTING) I think the Trust is the least of our problems at present. Now, you know what to do, Isaac?

BARCLAY
Aye. Chuck stuff out of the upstairs window.

DOCTOR
Anything that will make a noise and create a diversion. And remember, I'll be heading right, so aim for your left.

BARCLAY
You can rely on me, Doctor.

DOCTOR
I don't doubt it. Well, the fog looks thick enough now. Keep your comms unit on, Isaac. I'll call you as soon as I've reached the shuttle. I'll shut the door the moment I'm outside. Don't open it for anyone. Anyone, you hear?

BARCLAY
I hear.

(FX: CUT TO:)

21. INT. CHURCH

(FX: F/G THE SNARLING ATTACK OF VINCENT LINFOOT; B/G THE RAIN. THE CHURCH DOOR IS OPEN A CRACK, WITH VINCENT SCRABBLING TO FORCE IT OPEN FURTHER. NYSSA, LYSETTE & RINXO ARE STRUGGLING TO FORCE IT SHUT. MRS LINFOOT IS STRUGGLING TO OPEN IT.)

ALEXIS LINFOOT
Let him in!

NYSSA
(WITH EFFORT) Mrs Linfoot, out of the way! We have to shut this door!

ALEXIS LINFOOT
No, it's my Vincent.

NYSSA
(WITH EFFORT) Not any more.

ALEXIS LINFOOT
(IGNORING HER) Vincent, it's me, Alexis! It's me, Vincent!

(FX: VINCENT'S SNARLS SLIP DOWN A NOTCH, BECOME A DEEP, STERTOROUS BREATHING THROUGH THE DOOR CRACK)

ALEXIS LINFOOT
(SOOTHINGLY) That's it. You know me, Vincent, don't you? You know who I am.

LYSETTE
(LOW VOICE, PANTING) Look, it's working. He recognises her.

NYSSA
(LOW VOICE, PANTING) I'm not so sure.

LYSETTE
(LV) Why isn't he attacking her, then? Look, she's stroking his face now.

RINXO JABBERY
(SPEAKING NORMALLY) I believe Mr Linfoot is in a state of confusion.

LYSETTE
(LV) Shh, keep your voice down. What do you mean, 'confusion'?

RINXO JABBERY
(LV) Observe Mrs Linfoot's outstretched hand.

LYSETTE
(LV; HORRIFIED) Oh, Creation… it's like the hand of a corpse. Her fingernails are black.

NYSSA
She's transforming, like her husband. Only more slowly.

ALEXIS LINFOOT
Everything will be all right, Vincent. I'll look after you. We've ridden out some storms together, you and I, haven't we? And we'll ride out this one. You see if we don't. Now, I'm going to open this door, Vincent, and I want you to behave yourself.

NYSSA
I really don't think that's such a good idea.

ALEXIS LINFOOT
It's my Vincent. He wouldn't harm a fly.

(FX: IGNORING NYSSA, MRS LINFOOT OPENS THE DOOR WIDER. HIS SNARL RISES, BECOMES MORE THREATENING)

NYSSA
(URGENT) Mrs Linfoot, keep back!

ALEXIS LINFOOT
(SPEAKING IN THEIR DIRECTION) Whatever's happened to him, Vincent is still my husband. He won't hurt (me)-

(FX: SNARLING ROAR; VINCENT LEAPS, KNOCKS THE DOOR OPEN, ATTACKS; SHRILL, AGONISED SCREAMS; RENDING OF CLOTH AND FLESH)

LYSETTE
(HYSTERICAL) No! Oh, no!

NYSSA
(SHOUTING) Run!

LYSETTE
Where?

NYSSA
Somewhere he can't get to us.

RINXO JABBERY
(CALM, BUT URGENT) I believe the crypt might suffice. I made note of it earlier.

NYSSA
The crypt! Yes! Come on!

(FX: HURRIED FOOTSTEPS/SUCKERSTEPS TOWARDS THE CRYPT. CUT TO:)

22. EXT. STOCKBRIDGE VILLAGE GREEN

(FX: B/G RAIN; CLANG AND CLATTER OF EQUIPMENT BEING THROWN OUT OF THE WINDOW; BARCLAY SHOUTING 'COME AND GET IT', 'HERE, BOYS' ETC; SNARLS OF THE TRANSFORMED VILLAGERS)

(FX: F/G A DOOR CLICKS OPEN; THE DOCTOR'S BREATH, HOARSE INSIDE THE HELMET)

DOCTOR
(MURMURS) Can't see a thing. Ah well, here goes.

(FX: CAUTIOUS FOOTSTEPS ON WET GRAVEL. OTHER SOUNDS CONTINUE IN B/G)

(FX: B/G SNARLS CHANGE TIMBRE, BECOME MORE OMINOUS, THREATENING)

BARCLAY
(OFF) Oy, you lot! Over here!

(FX: CLATTER OF MORE EQUIPMENT/FURNITURE)

(FX: B/G SNARLS DEFINITELY MORE THREATENING; AS IF THE VILLAGERS SENSE THE DOCTOR'S PRESENCE)

DOCTOR
(MURMURING; ANXIOUS) Best foot forward, I think.

(FX: DOCTOR'S FOOTSTEPS QUICKEN INTO A NEAR-JOG)

(FX: B/G SNARLS LOUDER, MORE PURPOSEFUL; APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS)

BARCLAY
(OFF) Hey! Come back here, you cowards!

(FX: SNARLS LOUDER; APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS QUICKEN)

DOCTOR
Time to move!

(FX: F/G DOCTOR'S FOOTSTEPS, RUNNING. B/G SNARLS AND POUNDING FOOTSTEPS, QUICKER THAN THE DOCTOR'S)

BARCLAY
(OFF; SHOUTING) Run, Doctor!

DOCTOR
(OUT OF BREATH; INDIGNANT) I am!

CUT TO:

23. INT. CHURCH CRYPT

(FX: BOOM OF CRYPT DOOR CLOSING; A BOLT IS SLID HOME; MR LINFOOT'S SNARLING AND SCRATCHING FROM OUTSIDE)

LYSETTE
(PANTING) We made it! We're safe!

RINXO JABBERY
Correction: we are trapped. Previous experience suggests that this chamber has only one access point. Mr Linfoot's presence currently occludes our exit.

LYSETTE
Well, maybe he'll get bored and go away.

RINXO JABBERY
That is a possibility.

LYSETTE
(WEARY; COMING DOWN FROM ADRENALINE RUSH) I don't understand what's happened to him. Rain doesn't make people change like that.

NYSSA
That depends what's in it.

LYSETTE
What do you mean?

NYSSA
There was something strange about that raincloud. We both thought so.

LYSETTE
You mean that cloud was created deliberately?

NYSSA
Yes. This is clearly a pre-meditated attack.

LYSETTE
But if anything had penetrated the Bubble, we'd know.

NYSSA
The Doctor and I arrived undetected.

LYSETTE
That's different. You're with the Trust. You had special clearance. But a hostile force would be spotted immediately.

NYSSA
What if the hostiles were already inside the Bubble? What if they've been here a long time? Waiting?

LYSETTE
Waiting? For what?

NYSSA
I don't know. (BEAT) But I have a nasty suspicion.

LYSETTE
No, it's impossible. Crazy.

RINXO JABBERY
On the contrary, Nyssa's theory is not unreasonable.

NYSSA
(STUMBLING ABOUT) We need to find another way out of here. Has anyone got a light? I can't see a thing.

LYSETTE
I've got a torch in my bag. Hang on…

RINXO JABBERY
Do not trouble yourself. My body contains a bioluminescent protein, which, if you wish, I will activate.

NYSSA
Please do.

(FX: SHIMMERY RIPPLE OF SOUND TO INDICATE 'ACTIVATION')

LYSETTE
Oh, wow! Beautiful.

RINXO JABBERY
Your admiration is noted. We Lucerians deploy this ability in our mating rituals.

LYSETTE
Oh. Well, that's… nice.

NYSSA
(SCUFFLING AROUND, CHECKING THE WALLS) Perhaps if we look hard enough, we'll find an escape tunnel. Wasn't there a time when churchmen needed such things?

LYSETTE
Not in Stockbridge. I'm afraid nothing much has ever happened here.

NYSSA
Tell the Doctor that and he'd laugh in your face. Aha!

(FX: NYSSA'S FOOTSTEPS STOP AS SHE EXPLORES A CRACK IN THE WALL WITH HER FINGERTIPS)

RINXO JABBERY
What have you discovered?

NYSSA
There's a crack here. A definite seam. (WITH EFFORT) If I can just… get my fingers in… we might…

(FX: THERE'S A CLICK & THE DOOR BEGINS OPENING OF ITS OWN ACCORD. SLIDING SCRAPE OF STONE ON STONE)

RINXO JABBERY
It is opening.

LYSETTE
You've done it, Nyssa! You must have triggered something!

NYSSA
(UNCERTAINLY) I suppose so.

(FX: THE STONE DOOR SLIDES BACK TO ITS FULL EXTENT; BEAT OF SILENCE, ASIDE FROM THE SLOW DRIP OF WATER. IN B/G, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CHAMBER, THE SCRATCHING AND SNARLING OF VINCENT LINFOOT)

LYSETTE
It looks very dark. Where do you think it leads?

NYSSA
There's only one way to find out.

RINXO JABBERY
I recommend caution. I see a light ahead.

NYSSA
Where?

RINXO JABBERY
It is not possible to ascertain distance.

LYSETTE
I can't see anything.

RINXO JABBERY
My visual capabilities are superior to yours. The light is approaching.

(BEAT)

NYSSA
(CAUTIOUS) Yes, I see it too. A circular light. Like a- (WITH DAWNING REALIZATION) Oh no. Oh please, no.

(FX: OMINOUS RUMBLE OF SOMETHING APPROACHING)

LYSETTE
(GASP) What is that?

NYSSA
Why here? Why Stockbridge?

RINXO JABBERY
You recognise this creature?

NYSSA
Yes. Yes, I do. And I advise you not to annoy it.

(FX: RUMBLING STOPS. BEAT)

DALEK 1
(VOICE RUSTY, HALTING AT FIRST; RISING TO FAMILIAR SCREECH) Do… not… move. You are all prisoners of the Daleks!

THEME MUSIC

END OF PART TWO

PART THREE

(REPRISE)

(FX: OMINOUS RUMBLE OF SOMETHING APPROACHING)

LYSETTE
(GASP) What is that?

NYSSA
Why here? Why Stockbridge?

RINXO JABBERY
You recognise this creature?

NYSSA
Yes. Yes, I do. And I advise you not to annoy it.

(FX: RUMBLING STOPS. BEAT)

DALEK 1
(VOICE RUSTY, HALTING AT FIRST; RISING TO FAMILIAR SCREECH) Do… not… move. You are all prisoners of the Daleks!

24. INT. CHURCH CRYPT (CONTINUED)

LYSETTE
Daleks? But that's impossible. The Daleks died out centuries ago.

NYSSA
Evidently not.

DALEK 1
Silence! You will come with me. Non-humanoid! You will lead the way into the tunnel.

RINXO JABBERY
I refuse.

DALEK 1
You will obey!

NYSSA
We'd better do as it says, Professor Jabbery.

RINXO JABBERY
Lucerians do not respond to coercion.

DALEK 1
Obey, or you will be exterminated!

RINXO JABBERY
Do not threaten me, Dalek. I suggest that you consider your position. Your corroded casing indicates that you have spent a considerable time living in the darkness below this structure. You are a survivor of a species widely considered by most civilised races to be long extinct. Perhaps you would be well advised to request our help rather than threaten our lives.

DALEK 1
Daleks do not seek aid from inferior species.

RINXO JABBERY
In that case, I pity you.

DALEK 1
I do not need your pity. Now move! Move!

RINXO JABBERY
I will not be intimidated in this manner.

NYSSA
(DESPERATE) Professor Jabbery, please.

RINXO JABBERY
No, Nyssa, (I)-

DALEK 1
Exterminate!

(FX: DALEK GUN-BLAST; RINXO'S DYING SCREAM, A PROLONGED AND WARBLING SCREECH OF AGONY. HIS TENTACLES ENVELOP THE DALEK & THRASH ABOUT. AS THIS IS TAKING PLACE…)

NYSSA
Lysette, help me get this door open!

LYSETTE
(SHOCKED TO THE CORE) The professor… it just…

NYSSA
I know! Now help me with this door!

LYSETTE
But Mr Linfoot's out there.

NYSSA
That's the point!

(FX: WITH A FINAL DALEK GUN-BLAST, RINXO'S SCREAMS DIE AWAY; CREAK OF HEAVY DOOR BEING HAULED OPEN; SNARLS OF LINFOOT SUDDENLY INCREASE AS HE BURSTS THROUGH THE DOOR INTO THE CRYPT)

DALEK 1
Halt! Identify (yourself) –

(FX: LINFOOT LETS OUT A HOWL AND THROWS HIMSELF AT THE DALEK)

DALEK 1
I am under attack! Exterminate! Exterminate!

(FX: DALEK GUN BLASTS SEVERAL TIMES; LINFOOT SCREECHES IN PAIN)

NYSSA
Come on, Lysette! Now's our chance.

LYSETTE
(TRAUMATISED) But we'll (never)-

NYSSA
Come on!

(FX: RUNNING FEET ON STONE. WE RUN WITH THEM INTO:)

25. INT. CHURCH

(FX: AS BEFORE. THE SLAM OF THE DOOR)

NYSSA
Up the steps! Quick!

(FX: NYSSA & LYSETTE RUN UP THE STEPS TOWARDS THE MAIN BODY OF THE CHURCH)

DALEK 1
(MUFFLED) The prisoners are escaping! Halt! Halt!

(FX: MUFFLED DALEK GUN BLAST; THE DOOR EXPLODES IN A SHOWER OF SPLINTERING WOOD; NYSSA & LYSETTE ARE THROWN TO THE GROUND.)

LYSETTE
(SCREAMS IN TERROR)

NYSSA
(SCRABBLING TO HER FEET) Get up! Now!

LYSETTE
(HALF-DRAGGED TO HER FEET BY NYSSA; HYSTERICAL) Where are we going? We can't go outside!

NYSSA
Let's just keep under cover for now.

DALEK
Halt! You cannot escape!

(FX: DALEK GUN BLAST; EXPLODING STONE CHIPS)

LYSETTE
(SCREAMS AGAIN)

CUT TO:

26. EXT. VILLAGE GREEN

(FX: F/G DOCTOR'S POUNDING FEET AND RAPID BREATH INSIDE THE HELMET. B/G THE SNARLS OF THE PURSUING VILLAGERS. THEY ARE GAINING ON HIM)

BARCLAY
(OFF; SHOUTING) I can see you, Doctor. The fog's clearing. You're almost there. Go on!

(FX: SUDDEN LOUD, WHINING ROAR OF AN ENGINE – IT IS THE TECH, DOBSON, COMING IN TO LAND IN HIS SKIMMER. THE SNARLING CRIES OF THE VILLAGERS SUDDENLY CHANGE COURSE, DRAWN BY THIS NEW DISTRACTION)

DOCTOR
(GASPING, EXHAUSTED, BUT HORRIFIED; VOICE MUFFLED INSIDE THE HELMET) Oh no… Dobson! (SHOUTING & WAVING) Don't land!

(FX: THE SKIMMER'S ENGINES POWER DOWN. THE DOOR SLIDES OPEN WITH A PNEUMATIC HISS)

BARCLAY
(OFF; SHOUTING) Close your door, Dobson! Watch out, man!

DOBSON
What in Creation's – (BESET) Aaarghhh!

(FX: OFF; THE CRIES OF THE VILLAGERS REACH A CRESCENDO AS THEY CONVERGE ON THE SKIMMER. DOBSON SCREAMS. THE DOCTOR REACHES THE SHUTTLE WITH A THUMP, PANTING.)

DOCTOR
(EXHAUSTED; SICKENED) Poor devil…

(FX: F/G HE TAPS ON A KEYPAD; THE SHUTTLE DOOR OPENS WITH AN ELECTRIC HUM; HE CLIMBS INSIDE. B/G THE SNARLING CRIES OF THE VILLAGERS INCREASE AS THEY TURN THEIR ATTENTION BACK TO THE DOCTOR)

DOCTOR
(MUTTERS; GRIM) Not today, thank you.

(FX: HE TAPS AN INTERNAL KEYPAD; SHUTTLE DOOR CLOSES. A SPLIT-SECOND LATER, THE VILLAGERS START TO THROW THEMSELVES REPEATEDLY AGAINST IT, BUT WE ARE INSIDE WITH THE DOCTOR.)

DOCTOR
(MUTTERING) I admire your tenacity, gentlemen, but I'm afraid you're wasting your time. (FX: HISSING, SUCTIONY SOUND AS THE HELMET UNSEALS. THE DOCTOR'S VOICE IS NO LONGER MUFFLED) There, that's better. (FX: HE FLICKS SWITCHES; THINGS POWER UP) Isaac, can you hear me?

(FX: STATIC FOR SEVERAL SECONDS. THEN BARCLAY'S DISTORTED VOICE COMES THROUGH)

BARCLAY
(DISTORT) Doctor, is that you?

DOCTOR
Yes. I'm in the shuttle. Although if it hadn't been for poor Mr Dobson's fateful arrival, I would never have made it.

BARCLAY
(D) Did you see what those things did to him, Doctor?

DOCTOR
Yes I did. I'm sorry.

BARCLAY
(D) Less than an hour ago those monsters out there were – well, not people exactly, but still. How could they change like that?

DOCTOR
In a way they're just as much victims as Dobson was.

BARCLAY
(D; BIG SIGH) Is there any news of Lysette?

DOCTOR
I'm opening a channel now. Keep your fingers crossed.

(FX: MORE FLICKING OF SWITCHES AND PRESSING OF BUTTONS; THE STATIC INCREASES)

DOCTOR
Lysette? Nyssa? This is the Doctor. Can you hear me?

(FX: RUSH OF STATIC)

DOCTOR
I repeat, this is the Doctor. Can anyone hear me?

(FX: RENEWED BURST OF STATIC)

BARCLAY
(D) Any luck, Doctor?

DOCTOR
I'm afraid not. Even the WN9 booster can't break through the interference.

BARCLAY
(D) Damn. So what happens now? Are you going to look for them?

DOCTOR
(FRUSTRATED & CONCERNED FOR NYSSA) I can't! We don't where they are, do we? They could be injured, they could be-! (CALMING DOWN) I'm sorry. It's just… I'm worried about Nyssa.

BARCLAY
(D) I know, Doctor. And I'm worried about Lysette.

DOCTOR
Well, the best way we can help them is to follow the original plan. I'll pilot the skimmer to the CES and stop the rain.

BARCLAY
(D) And then what?

DOCTOR
And then… well, let's just take it one step at a time, shall we?

CUT TO:

27. INT. CHURCH

(FX: AS BEFORE. B/G RAIN. NYSSA & LYSETTE ARE CROUCHING BEHIND THE ROOD SCREEN.)

NYSSA
(WHISPERS) Are you all right?

LYSETTE
(WHISPERS) Well… terrified. But yes… I think so.

(FX: IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE WE HEAR THE DALEK HOVERING UP THE STAIRS)

NYSSA
This screen's not the best cover. We need to move.

DALEK 1
(OFF, HAVING COMPLETED ITS ASCENT) Show yourselves! Concealment is futile. You cannot escape.

NYSSA
Same old Daleks.

LYSETTE
You speak as though you've encountered them before.

NYSSA
I have. On more than one occasion.

LYSETTE
But how? No-one's seen a Dalek for centuries.

NYSSA
Let's just say the Doctor's got a nose for trouble. Come on.

LYSETTE
Where to?

NYSSA
Back this way, into the chapel. I have a plan.

CUT TO:

28. INT. UNDERGROUND DALEK BASE. CRYOGENIC CHAMBER

(FX: B/G DALEK BASE NOISES – THE HUM AND PULSE OF ALIEN MACHINERY. F/G A MACHINE-LIKE HUM RISES TO A SCREECH, LIKE A VAST ENGINE POWERING UP, AND THEN BREAKS UP INTO A MASS OF CRACKLING ELECTRICITY)

DALEK 3
(DISTRESSED, INCOHERENT DALEKY SOUNDS)

(FX: THE ELECTRICAL CRACKLE DIES AWAY)

DALEK 3
(DISTRESSED SOUNDS BREAK DOWN INTO FRACTURED GROANS)

DALEK 2
What is your functional status? Report. Report!

DALEK 3
(HALTING, RUSTY) What… is… happening?

DALEK 2
We have been in cryogenic suspension for seventeen Earth centuries. Readings indicate that the timing mechanism on your cryogenic capsule has been impaired by natural corrosion. All other systems are currently operating at 72 per cent capacity. Report on your functional status.

(FX: LITTLE DALEKY NOISES AS DALEK 3 ASSESSES ITSELF)

DALEK 3
(STILL A BIT RUSTY, BUT BEGINNING TO RECOVER) Internal assessment indicates that this unit is currently operating at 98 per cent efficiency.

DALEK 2
That is acceptable.

DALEK 3
What is the status of our mission?

DALEK 2
Phase 1 is complete. Conditioned humans are still displaying signs of instability, but will soon succumb to total Dalek control. The Doctor's presence has been detected and primary procedures have been instigated. The Doctor has been isolated and his options minimised. Phase 2 can now commence.

DALEK 3
What is the status of our forces?

DALEK 2
Three Dalek units are fully operational. Two have perished. I am about to attempt revivification of the last.

(FX: THE REVIVIFICATION MACHINE POWERS INTO LIFE ONCE MORE. THE HUM RISES TO A SCREECH, FOLLOWED BY A VAST DISCHARGE OF ELECTRICITY. AS THIS FADES AWAY…)

DALEK 4
(DISTRESSED GURGLING NOISES)

DALEK 2
What is your functional status?

DALEK 4
(DISTRESSED; CONFUSED) I… I…

DALEK 2
Report! Report!

DALEK 4
(STILL DISTRESSED AND CONFUSED) I… cannot see.

(BEAT)

DALEK 2
Assess the extent of your visual impairment.

DALEK 4
(LITTLE DALEKY SELF-ASSESSMENT NOISES – WHIRRS AND CLICKS) Internal assessment indicates that visual impairment is irreversible. This unit accepts that this level of capability falls below accepted functional parameters. (FALTERS SLIGHTLY) … Immediate extermination requested.

DALEK 2
Request granted.

(FX: DALEKS 2 & 3 MOVE INTO POSITION)

DALEKS 2 & 3
Exterminate!

(FX: DOUBLE DALEK GUN-BLAST. DALEK 4 SCREAMS AND DIES)

CUT TO:

29. INT. SHUTTLE

(FX: RAIN PATTERING ON THE OUTSIDE SHELL OF THE VEHICLE; HUM OF THE ENGINE – LIKE A FUTURISTIC HELICOPTER)

BARCLAY
(DISTORT) How's it going, Doctor?

DOCTOR
I'm rather enjoying myself. Quite nifty little vehicles, these – once you take them out of automatic warp drive.

BARCLAY
(D) Can you see Wells Wood yet?

DOCTOR
I'm approaching it now. Hovering about sixty metres above the treetops. I assume the ugly grey building covered in antennae is the CES?

BARCLAY
(D) Yes, that's it. You should be able to see a landing pad on the roof, just to the left of the antennae. Marked out in white.

DOCTOR
Yes I can. I'm starting my descent now.

(FX: ENGINE SOUND CHANGES TONE TO INDICATE DESCENT MODE)

CUT TO:

30. INT. DALEK BASE

(FX: DALEK BASE NOISES)

DALEK 3
Predictive trajectory sensors indicate that an airborne craft is approaching Zone Zero. Avian observation units have identified the craft's pilot as the Doctor.

DALEK 2
Order all monitoring units to initiate attack mode.

DALEK 3
I obey.

31. INT. SHUTTLE

(FX: RAIN PATTERING ON OUTSIDE SHELL OF SHUTTLE; ENGINE HUM CONTINUALLY CHANGES PITCH AS THE SHUTTLE DESCENDS. SUDDENLY THE SHUTTLE IS BESIEGED BY CROWS, SCREECHING AND CAWING AND BATTERING THEIR BODIES AGAINST THE OUTSIDE OF THE CRAFT!)

BARCLAY
(DISTORT; SHOUTING) Doctor! What's going on!

DOCTOR
Crows! Hundreds of them! They're attacking the shuttle!

BARCLAY
(D) In Creation's name! Can you land?

DOCTOR
I'm flying blind. The crows have spread themselves across the observation dome like a living curtain. I'll have to make an emergency landing.

BARCLAY
(D) Try to clear the trees, Doctor. There are open fields beyond the woods.

DOCTOR
Too late for that, I'm afraid. Besides, I need to get as close to the CES as I can.

BARCLAY
(D) Don't be daft, Doctor. You'll never make it.

DOCTOR
(IGNORING HIM) Still descending. I should be making contact with the treetops round about… now!

(FX: A CACOPHONY OF NOISE — BATTERING RAIN; SCREECHING CROWS; SCREAMING ENGINE. THEN… IMPACT WITH TREETOPS! CRUNCHING PLASTIC; SPLINTERING WOOD; RENDING METAL…)

CUT TO:

32. INT. CHURCH

(FX: RAIN PATTERING ON WINDOWS; NOISE OF APPROACHING DALEK; NYSSA & LYSETTE ARE CROUCHING ON ALL FOURS)

NYSSA
(LOW VOICE) It's coming this way. We'll head for that stone pillar over there. But keep out of sight, behind the pews.

LYSETTE
(LOW VOICE; TERRIFIED) Okay.

DALEK 1
(OFF) Concealed humans will show yourselves! If you fail to comply you will be exterminated!

(FX: DALEK GUN BLAST; EXPLODING STONE)

NYSSA
(LV; SADLY) Oh, there goes the statue of Sir Justin.

LYSETTE
(LV) We'll be next if it sees us. Nyssa, what are we doing?

NYSSA
(LV) We're trying to get closer to the main door.

LYSETTE
(LV) But why? We can't make a run for it, not with that rain still coming down.

NYSSA
(LV) No, but we can make the Dalek think we have. Quick, let's make a dash for that next pillar while it's out of sight.

(FX: QUICK, SCAMPERING, MOUSE-LIKE FOOTSTEPS)

LYSETTE
(LV; TERRIFIED; SLIGHTLY OUT OF BREATH) It didn't see us, did it?

NYSSA
(LV; ALSO BREATHLESS) I think we'd know about it if it had.

LYSETTE
(LV) So what happens now?

NYSSA
(LV) Give me your bag.

LYSETTE
(LV) Will I get it back?

NYSSA
(LV) Will it matter if you don't?

(FX: LYSETTE STARTS RUMMAGING IN THE BAG, PUTTING THE ITEMS IN HER POCKETS AS SHE DOES SO)

LYSETTE
(LV) It's just that there are things we might need in here. The communicator, for one. The torch… (PRODUCING THE 'ASP') Oh.

NYSSA
(LV) What's that?

LYSETTE
(LV) It's my ASP?

NYSSA
(LV) Your what?

LYSETTE
(LV) Audio Selection Pod. This could be useful.

NYSSA
(LV) In what way?

LYSETTE
(LV) I use this on the tour to impress the visitors. If I'm talking about, say, World War II bombers, I can set the ASP to activate our sound archive, and, hey presto —

NYSSA
(LV) The sound of flying bombers overhead?

LYSETTE
(LV) Trouble is, it's become a bit unreliable. Nowadays, you're just as likely to get the sound of snorting pigs. But maybe we could use it to confuse the Dalek.

NYSSA
(LV) All right, take everything you need and then give me the bag.

(FX: RUMMAGING AS LYSETTE TRANSFERS A COUPLE MORE ARTICLES FROM BAG TO POCKETS)

LYSETTE
(LV) Okay, done.

DALEK 1
(OFF) Proceeding with systematic destruction of wooden barriers!

(FX: DALEK GUN; THE PEWS CLOSEST TO THE CHOIR EXPLODE INTO SPLINTERS)

LYSETTE
(LV) There go thousands of years of history.

NYSSA
(LV) Rather them than us. Now, how location-specific is that device of yours?

LYSETTE
(LV) There are hidden receivers all over the church. In theory I can isolate the audio pulse to whichever ones I select.

(FX: ANOTHER DALEK BLAST; ANOTHER DISINTEGRATED ROW OF PEWS. THE DALEK IS A LITTLE CLOSER)

NYSSA
(LV) In that case, do you think you could make a sound down at the far end? Somewhere behind the Dalek. The pulpit perhaps?

LYSETTE
(LV) I don't see why not. What kind of sound were you thinking of?

(FX: YET ANOTHER DALEK BLAST; YET ANOTHER DISINTEGRATED ROW OF PEWS. THE DALEK IS CLOSER STILL)

NYSSA
(LV) It doesn't matter. Anything to draw the Dalek's attention away from us!

LYSETTE
(LV) Hold on.

(FX: TINY BLEEPS AS SHE SETS THE CONTROLS. THEN SUDDENLY…)

(FX: OFF; THE SQUEALS/CRIES/WORDLESS CHATTER OF PLAYING CHILDREN)

DALEK 1
(OFF; MOVING AWAY) Humans detected. You will reveal yourselves or be exterminated.

NYSSA
(LV; F/G) Now, time to say goodbye to your bag.

LYSETTE
(LV; F/G) What are you going to do?

NYSSA
(LV; F/G) Throw it onto the gravel path outside and hope that Dalek thinks it's us.

LYSETTE
(LV) But — Mrs Linfoot's there…!

NYSSA
(LV) She's quite dead. (MOVES OFF)

LYSETTE
(LV) Good luck –

(FX: IN F/G, ABOVE THE SOUND OF PLAYING CHILDREN, WE HEAR NYSSA'S SCAMPERING FOOTSTEPS; CREAK OF MAIN DOOR OPENING; SOUND OF RAIN ABRUPTLY INCREASING IN VOLUME; A GRUNT FROM NYSSA AS SHE THROWS LYSETTE'S BAG; A THUMP AS THE BAG LANDS ON THE PATH OUTSIDE; SCAMPERING FOOTSTEPS AS SHE RUNS BACK INTO HIDING)

DALEK 1
(OFF; ADVANCING RAPIDLY) Halt! Halt!

(FX: JUST IN TIME, NYSSA THROWS HERSELF DOWN BESIDE LYSETTE)

NYSSA
(LV; PANTING) Did it see me?

LYSETT
(LV) Don't think so.

(FX: THE DALEK REACHES THE DOOR, STOPS & SCANS. BEAT)

LYSETTE
(LV) Why doesn't it go through the door? Because Mrs Linfoot's in the way?

NYSSA
(LV) No. It's deciding whether or not we were desperate enough to go outside. Let's move now while we have the chance.

LYSETTE
(LV) Where to?

NYSSA
(LV) Back to the crypt.

LYSETTE
(LV; APPALLED) Are you mad? We'll be trapped down there.

NYSSA
(LV) Not necessarily. The Dalek came <u>from</u> somewhere. It wasn't just hiding down there, ready to attack us. I'm hoping we'll find a network of tunnels, leading to different parts of the village.

LYSETTE
(LV) And what if we don't? What if that tunnel just leads us straight into the Dalek's… larder, or something.

NYSSA
(LV) Daleks don't have larders. At least, I don't think they do. Now come on, or we'll miss our chance!

33. INT. SHUTTLE

(FX: RAIN HAMMERING ON PLASTIC; RAIN HISSING IN THE UNDERGROWTH)

BARCLAY
(DISTORTED; URGENT) Doctor! Doctor, will you come in please!

(FX: TENTATIVE MOVEMENT)

DOCTOR
(GROANS; COMING TO)

BARCLAY
(D) Doctor, are you there? Speak to me!

DOCTOR
(WEAK; PAINED) I'm here, Isaac.

BARCLAY
(D) Doctor! Thank Creation! Are you all right?

DOCTOR
(WEAK) Let's see… Touch of concussion; bumps and bruises; no broken bones. But the shuttle's damaged. The rain's been coming in while I've been unconscious… (HISSES IN PAIN)

BARCLAY
(D; HORRIFIED) Don't tell me you got some on your skin?

DOCTOR
I'm afraid so. I really should have kept those gloves on. (PAIN) I can already feel the organisms burrowing… working their way into my system.

BARCLAY
(D; HOPEFUL) Well… maybe if it's just your hand, it won't be so bad.

(FX: MOVEMENT AS THE DOCTOR STRUGGLES TO HIS FEET)

DOCTOR
I must go. Get to the CES before… well, before the situation deteriorates.

BARCLAY
(D) Can you still remember the keypad entry number? It's seven seven —

DOCTOR
7721. I know.

(FX: THE DOCTOR STARTS PUTTING HIS GLOVES BACK ON)

BARCLAY
(D) What about the sample from Mrs Sowerby? It wasn't damaged in the crash?

(FX: DOCTOR PATS POCKETS; UNFASTENS ZIP)

DOCTOR
No, it's still here. Safe and sound. Right, gloves back on. Now, where's the helmet? Ah!

(FX: THE DOCTOR UNEARTHS THE HELMET)

BARCLAY
(D) All right. Well… just be careful, Doctor. You don't know what you might be facing out there.

DOCTOR
Oh, I expect I'll be facing what I always face, Isaac – trouble. (HE SLOTS THE HELMET INTO PLACE. MUFFLED) I'll see you later.

CUT TO:

34. INT. DALEK BASE

(FX: DALEK BASE NOISES)

DALEK 3
Avian observation units reduced to 43 per cent efficiency after destruction of airborne craft.

DALEK 2
What is the status of the Doctor?

DALEK 3
Remaining units report that the Doctor has survived, and is now approaching Zone Zero.

DALEK 3
Shall I order remaining observation units to intercept?

DALEK 2
Affirmative.

CUT TO:

35. INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL LEADING FROM CHURCH CRYPT

(DRIP OF WATER; NYSSA AND LYSETTE'S VOICES ECHO; THEY ARE BOTH BREATHLESS; WE HEAR THEIR EXHAUSTED FOOTSTEPS ON THE TUNNEL'S FLAGSTONE FLOOR; THEY COME TO A STOP)

LYSETTE
Need… to rest.

NYSSA
I'm not sure that's a good idea.

LYSETTE
Why? The Dalek didn't see us come down here.

NYSSA
That doesn't mean it won't be behind us. What do you suppose it will do when it realizes we didn't run out into the rain?

LYSETTE
Return to base?

NYSSA
Precisely. (WITH A SIGH) I'm beginning to think that maybe you were right.

LYSETTE
About what?

NYSSA
About this tunnel leading in only one direction.

LYSETTE
Oh no. Please don't say that now. You don't really think we've trapped ourselves?

NYSSA
This was always a gamble.

LYSETTE
But maybe we just need to go a bit further.

NYSSA
We've been walking for fifteen minutes now, and we haven't come across so much as a ventilation shaft so far.

LYSETTE
(SUDDENLY ANGRY) But that doesn't mean we should just give up, does it? What are you suggesting? That we sit here and wait for the Dalek to catch up with us?

NYSSA
Of course not. I'm just facing reality.

LYSETTE
Yeah, well, I'm not. I can't do that. I can't not believe that everything will be all right. I keep thinking about my father. About what might be happening to him and I… I… (HER VOICE BREAKS; SHE IS TRYING TO HOLD BACK TEARS)

NYSSA
You're right, of course. We're not beaten yet. I've been in more perilous situations than this, and survived.

LYSETTE
Have you really?

NYSSA
Well… almost as perilous. Let's carry on.

(FX: FOOTSTEPS RECOMMENCE. CUT TO:)

36. EXT. WELLS WOOD

(FX: RAIN HISSING IN WET UNDERGROWTH. THE DOCTOR IS STAGGERING, BREATHING HOARSELY INSIDE HIS HELMET. DISTANT CAWING OF CROWS SUDDENLY GROWS LOUDER, ACCOMPANIED BY THE BEATING OF WINGS)

DOCTOR
(WEAK; VOICE MUFFLED INSIDE HIS HELMET) Oh no… not again.

(FX: THE CROWS ATTACK. THE DOCTOR RUNS LIKE HELL, BATTERING AT CROWS)

DOCTOR
(AMID THE CACOPHONY; CHANTING) 7721, 7721, 7721…

(FX: FALLS AGAINST A THICK METAL DOOR. TRYING TO IGNORE THE ATTACKING CROWS HE PUNCHES IN THE DOOR CODE)

DOCTOR
Seven.

(FX: BLEEP)

DOCTOR
Seven.

(FX: BLEEP)

DOCTOR
Two.

(FX:BLEEP)

DOCTOR
One.

(FX: BLEEP)

FEMALE COMPUTER VOICE
Access granted.

(FX: DOOR 'CLUNKS' AND HISSES OPEN, LIKE A BANK VAULT. THE DOCTOR THROWS HIMSELF INSIDE, SLAMS DOOR WITH A BOOMING ECHO. A COUPLE OF SQUAWKING CROWS GET IN WITH HIM, STILL ATTACKING)

DOCTOR
(FENDING THEM OFF) Let's see how you cope with… this!

(FX: METALLIC CLUNK AS HE RELEASES A FIRE EXTINGUISHER FROM ITS HOLDING CLAMP, THEN THE 'WHOOSH' OF HIGH PRESSURE FOAM. THE CROWS ARE SUBDUED, THEN SILENCED)

DOCTOR
(BREATHING HEAVILY INSIDE THE HELMET) There! Clogged up your circuits, has it? (SUDDENLY CONVULSES IN PAIN; CRIES OUT; VOICE WEAK; AN EFFORT) No… you don't. Keep out… of my head. I'll fight you. Block… you… out!

CUT TO:

37. INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL LEADING FROM CHURCH CRYPT

(FX: DRIP OF WATER; NYSSA AND LYSETTE'S VOICES BOTH ECHO. THEY ARE MOVING ALONG THE TUNNEL. NYSSA SUDDENLY STOPS, FOLLOWED BY LYSETTE)

NYSSA
There's something ahead.

LYSETTE
(HUSHED) A Dalek?

NYSSA
If it was a Dalek, we'd be dead by now. Let me have your torch for a moment. (BEAT) It's a door.

LYSETTE
(DESPAIRINGLY) Oh, Creation. A dead end.

NYSSA
A door is not a dead end.

(FX: NYSSA TAKES THE TORCH AND APPROACHES, FOOTSTEPS CRACKLING ON THE WET, GRITTY FLOOR)

LYSETTE
It is if there's something nasty on the other side. Like a Dalek.

NYSSA
Lysette, we won't increase our chances of survival by refusing to take risks.

(FX: NYSSA EXAMINES THE DOOR)

NYSSA
Interesting… There's no handle, no sensor pad, nothing. It's just smooth metal.

LYSETTE
(BLEAKLY) So that's it then.

NYSSA
(REFUSING TO GIVE UP) Just hold the torch, would you? Point it at the edge of the door there.

LYSETTE
What for?

NYSSA
(STRAINING TO OPEN THE DOOR) I'm going to see if I can open it manually.

LYSETTE
You won't be able to.

NYSSA
(FLASH OF IRRITATION) Stop being so defeatist, Lysette! Just… hold the torch, will you? I think it's beginning to shift.

(FX: A MINUTE SHIFTING; CREAKING OF UNOILED RUNNERS)

LYSETTE
Hey, look! You've opened it a crack!

NYSSA
Give me a hand.

(FX: BOTH GIRLS STRUGGLE WITH THE DOOR, PULLING IT BACK INCH BY INCH. FAINTLY WE HEAR THE DALEK BASE SOUNDS)

LYSETTE
(PANTING A LITTLE; HUSHED) What's that noise?

NYSSA
It's the sound of Dalek machinery.

LYSETTE
Oh Creation. So this is the way to the larder, after all.

NYSSA
(FINAL HEAVE) That should do it. We can squeeze through there.

LYSETTE
Are you serious?

NYSSA
Where else can we go?

LYSETTE
It's probably a trap. Why wasn't it locked?

NYSSA
Perhaps the Daleks weren't expecting visitors. Or maybe they haven't got enough power for non-essential systems… Yes, that might be it.

LYSETTE
What do you mean?

NYSSA
Remember how battered and dusty that Dalek was? My guess is that they've been waiting down here for centuries, in a state of suspended animation. Perhaps they're only just coming back to life.

LYSETTE
You keep saying ‘they’. How do you know there’s more than one of them?

NYSSA
Daleks don’t usually travel alone.

LYSETTE
(IRONICALLY) Oh, this just gets better. So why do you think they’re waking up now?

NYSSA
(SUDDEN REALISATION) The Doctor!

LYSETTE
What?

NYSSA
They must have realised that the Doctor keeps returning to Stockbridge. And so they set a trap for him. Waited here, like spiders in a web.

LYSETTE
(CONFUSED) They did all this for the Doctor?

NYSSA
I’m only guessing, but… it would make sense.

LYSETTE
But why are they so interested in <u>him</u>?

NYSSA
The Doctor and the Daleks go back a long way.

LYSETTE
(SIGHS) I’m sorry, I’m a bit lost. So you and the Doctor <u>aren’t</u> with the Trust, then?

NYSSA
No. Sorry.

LYSETTE
So why <u>did</u> you come?

NYSSA
It’s a long story – and a fairly complicated one at that. We’re not here by choice.

LYSETTE
Well, if you don’t want to tell me…

NYSSA
No, it's not that. It's just… Look, we really don't have the time to discuss it now.

LYSETTE
Okay. (BEAT) Do you <u>really</u> think going in there is our only option?

NYSSA
I'm afraid so. But view this as an opportunity. There's a greater chance that we'll be able to do more damage to the Daleks here. Strike at their heart.

LYSETTE
And there's a greater chance that we'll get blasted to smithereens.

NYSSA
True. But as the Doctor might say, it's precisely those kinds of possibilities that make life so interesting.

<u>38. INT. CENTRAL ENVIRONMENT STATION</u>

(FX: A DISTINCTLY DIFFERENT ATMOSPHERIC FROM THE STATION WITH BARCLAY IN. BUSY MACHINE SOUNDS; BURBLING, CHATTERING)

DOCTOR
(IMPATIENT; NO LONGER WEARING A HELMET) Come on, come on. How long does it take to analyse a saliva sample? Computer?

FEMALE COMPUTER VOICE
Analysis nearing completion.

DOCTOR
About time, too. If this is what they call state of the art, then I don't —

(FX: DECISIVE MACHINE SOUND — A CLUNK OR A BEEP)

FEMALE COMPUTER VOICE
Analysis complete.

DOCTOR
At last. Let's see what we've got.

(FX: COMPUTER SCHEMATICS APPEAR ON THE SCREEN)

DOCTOR
(GRAVE; HORRIFIED) Oh no.

39. INT. DALEK BASE

(DALEK BASE NOISES)

LYSETTE
(LOW VOICE) All this equipment. It's just… mind-boggling. How did they get it all down here?

NYSSA
(LV) I don't know. But I was right about it being here for centuries. Look at the dust.

LYSETTE
(LV) Maybe all the other Daleks are dead. Maybe the one that we saw is the only one that's (survived)-

DALEK 2
(OFF) Conditioned humans have gained access to Zone Zero. The Doctor has been detected on Level 5.

LYSETTE
(LV) Or maybe not. What are you looking so pleased about?

NYSSA
(LV) The Doctor: he's alive!

LYSETTE
(LV; SOMEWHAT UNDERWHELMED) Great. What did the Dalek mean by conditioned humans?

NYSSA
(LV) I'm not sure. Like Mr Linfoot perhaps? Come on, let's get closer.

LYSETTE
Do we really have to?

CUT TO:

40. INT. CENTRAL ENVIRONMENT STATION

(FX: AS BEFORE, THE DOCTOR IS LOOKING AT THE ANALYSIS ON THE SCREEN)

DOCTOR
(MURMURING TO HIMSELF) An alien virus – part-biological, part-technological. But why here? What would aliens want with a run-down tourist attraction on a run-down planet?

FEMALE COMPUTER VOICE
Insufficient data to form a conclusion.

DOCTOR
It was a rhetorical question – (SUDDENLY PAINED) Ugh!

FEMALE COMPUTER VOICE
Awaiting instructions.

DOCTOR
(GRITTED TEETH) Just – get on with duplicating that other saliva sample, Computer.

FEMALE COMPUTER VOICE
Duplication complete.

DOCTOR
(BRIGHTENING) It is? Excellent! Time to stop that rain! (HE GETS UP) Now, what have we here?

(FX: FOOTSTEPS AS HE MOVES AROUND, ACQUAINTING HIMSELF WITH THE SYSTEMS)

DOCTOR
A terraforming atmosphere processor. Fusion-powered too. How quaint.

(FX: MORE MOVING AROUND; BUSY SOUNDS)

DOCTOR
Ah, a Bergeron manipulator. This is more like it. So if I can just activate the dispersal satellites…

(FX: A DISTANT CRASH)

DOCTOR
Hmm. Sounds like company. Computer, could you call the lift for me, please?

FEMALE COMPUTER VOICE
Request granted. Lift ascending. Estimated arrival – 48 seconds.

DOCTOR
Thank you. Now… if I adjust the vectors like so… and recalibrate the stasis field…

(FX: DOCTOR RAPIDLY TAPS KEYBOARDS AND PUSHES BUTTONS; LOTS OF BLEEPS AND BLIPS)

DOCTOR
(URGENTLY, WHILE TYPING) Computer – status report.

FEMALE COMPUTER VOICE
Solar networks successfully activated. Cloud condensation nuclei dispersed.

DOCTOR
Excellent. Rain, rain, go away. (SPEAKING OVER FX: FINGERS RIPPLING OVER KEYPAD) Now all I have to do is…

(FX: ENORMOUS SPLINTERING CRASH AS TWO CONDITIONED HUMANS BURST IN. LOTS OF HOARSE BREATHING)

DOCTOR
Ah. Good day, gentlemen. Terrible weather we've been having.

CONDITIONED HUMAN 1
(SLURRED, GUTTURAL) You are the Doctor.

DOCTOR
Oh, what a shame. You've just missed him. Perhaps I could give him a (message) –

CONDITIONED HUMAN 2
You will come with us.

DOCTOR
Bear with me for just a moment.

(FX: HE PUNCHES A BUTTON DECISIVELY)

FEMALE COMPUTER VOICE
Retroviral precipitation initiated.

CONDITIONED HUMAN 1
Come with us –

CONDITIONED HUMAN 2
… or you will be [exterminated] –

(FX: LIFT ARRIVES WITH A 'PING')

DOCTOR
Yes, I'd love to stop and chat, but – (BEAT) I'm sorry, were you about to say –

FEMALE COMPUTER VOICE
Lift doors opening.

(FX: LIFT DOORS HUM OPEN)

DALEK 1
You are the Doctor! You are a prisoner of the Daleks!

DOCTOR
(DEFLATED) Ah. Out of the frying pan.

DALEK 1
Do not move! …

DALEK 1 & CONDITIONED HUMANS
Do not move! Do not move!!!

(FX: CROSSFADE TO:)

41. INT. DALEK BASE – CENTRAL CONTROL

(FX: CONTROL ROOM ATMOS. DALEK & CONDITIONED HUMANS CHANTING CONTINUES OVER SCANNER)

DALEK 2
(FX: GLIDING IN) Report!

DALEK 3
The Doctor is a prisoner of the Daleks!

DOCTOR
(FX: OVER SCANNER) (WEAK) Do you know – suddenly I don't feel at all well…

DALEK 2
Sensory data indicates that after initial resistance the Doctor's physiology is succumbing to cellular subjugation.

DALEK 3
His compliance is inevitable. Soon, the Doctor will belong to the Daleks!

DALEK 2
Soon, the Doctor will be a Dalek!

DALEK 3
And the Daleks will reign supreme!

THEME MUSIC

END OF PART THREE

PART FOUR

(REPRISE)

DOCTOR
(FX: OVER SCANNER) (WEAK) Do you know — suddenly I don't feel at all well…

DALEK 2
Sensory data indicates that after initial resistance the Doctor's physiology is succumbing to cellular subjugation.

DALEK 3
His compliance is inevitable. Soon, the Doctor will belong to the Daleks!

DALEK 2
Soon, the Doctor will be a Dalek!

DALEK 3
And the Daleks will reign supreme!

(CONTINUES INTO:)

42. INT. CENTRAL ENVIRONMENT STATION

DALEK 1
Conditioned humans of no further value.

CONDITIONED HUMANS
No further value…

DOCTOR
(WEAK) Please. They were people once —

DALEK 1
Exterminate-!!!

(FX: DALEK GUN BLAST)

CONDITIONED HUMANS
(DIE)

DOCTOR
Was that really worth the effort?

DALEK 1
You will enter the elevator! Move! Move-!

DOCTOR
I'm trying. But I seem to have — (PAIN) pins and needles. In my legs. Interesting.

(FX: CROSSFADE TO:)

43. INT. DALEK BASE — CENTRAL CONTROL

(FX: DALEK BASE ATMOS)

DALEK 1
(FX: OVER SCANNER) Move! Move!!!

DOCTOR
(FX: OVER SCANNER) Yes. Yes. Whatever you say —

NYSSA
(LV) That's the Doctor-!

LYSETTE
(LV) So what do we do now?

NYSSA
(LV) I don't know. Something.

LYSETTE
(LV) What can we do?

NYSSA
(BEAT; LV) Let's explore, see what we can find. This way.

(FX: THEY MOVE AWAY)

LYSETTE
(LV) What exactly are we looking for, Nyssa ?

NYSSA
(LV) Something we can use against the Daleks.

LYSETTE
(LV) Weapons, you mean?

NYSSA
(LV) Perhaps not in the conventional sense. I'm not proposing a gun battle.

LYSETTE
(NERVOUS LAUGH; LV) That's a relief.

NYSSA
(LV) Let's try through here…

(FX: CONTINUES INTO:)

44. DALEK BASE — CRYO CHAMBER

(FX: FOOTSTEPS ECHO HOLLOWLY, SUGGESTING THEY HAVE ENTERED A CATHEDRAL-LIKE SPACE. THEY WALK SLOWLY INSIDE.)

LYSETTE
Creation! This is huge! Where are we?

NYSSA
Judging by this equipment, inside a life-support unit of some kind. These look like cryogenic suspension chambers and that —

LYSETTE
(HORRIFIED SURPRISE) Look out! Daleks!

(FX: THEIR FOOTSTEPS STOP ABRUPTLY; BEAT)

NYSSA
(TENTATIVELY) It's all right. I think they're inactive.

(FX: SHE MOVES CLOSER)

LYSETTE
Be careful, Nyssa.

NYSSA
Don't worry. If they were aware of me, I'd be dead by now. I wonder…

(FX: BEEPS AND BLIPS; A DISPLAY COMES UP)

NYSSA
I thought so. Look at these readings.

LYSETTE
Sorry, it's all gobbledegook to me. What am I looking at?

NYSSA
Well, assuming that these six columns relate to the cryo-chambers here… it appears that three of the Daleks were revived and three perished.

LYSETTE
That one looks as though it exploded. What's all that icky green stuff?

NYSSA
The remains of the Dalek creature inside the casing.

LYSETTE
Nice. What do you think killed the other two?

NYSSA
If I'm reading this data correctly, they've been here for over seventeen centuries. Simple mechanical failure, perhaps? That might account for the deaths. It's a credit to Dalek technology that three of the cryo-units have remained functional for so long.

LYSETTE
Six Daleks minus three dead Daleks equals three active Daleks. Yes? Well, that's not so bad, is it?

NYSSA
Don't let their lack of numbers lull you into a false sense of security. One Dalek would be more than capable of wiping out Stockbridge and everyone living here.

LYSETTE
(DEFLATED) Well that's it then. There's nothing we can do.

NYSSA
We can arm ourselves – with knowledge. The Doctor often says that information is the best weapon. (FX: NYSSA PUSHES SOME MORE BUTTONS ON THE COMPUTER DISPLAY) Information like…

(FX: A SCHEMATIC POPS UP)

LYSETTE
What is it? A schematic of the Dalek base?

NYSSA
Yes, but look at the amount of damage caused by geological movement. The metal shell is riven with cracks and stresses.

LYSETTE
You mean it could collapse at any moment?

NYSSA
Well, certainly within another couple of centuries.

LYSETTE
(LAUGHS BLEAKLY) I'm not sure we can wait that long.

NYSSA
No. But perhaps we could give nature a helping hand.

LYSETTE
(EXCITED) You think we could? How?

NYSSA
According to this, the Daleks have created an electronic master link from this base to the main environment manipulator, which controls your weather.

LYSETTE
The manipulator? But that's where the Doctor was!

NYSSA
Exactly. He must have had the same idea: control the environment and you control Stockbridge. Except I doubt he knows anything about this master link. He was probably trying to stop the rain.

LYSETTE
Good for him. But what are we going to use the environment manipulator for?

NYSSA
Seismology. If we could access to the seismological controls we could create an earthquake severe enough to tear this place apart.

LYSETTE
Sounds like a plan. So where is this master link?

NYSSA
That's the problem. According to the schematic here, it's in the main control room – where the Daleks are.

LYSETTE
So, let's draw the Daleks out.

NYSSA
Good idea. But how?

(FX: A DISTANT CHIME SOUNDS)

LYSETTE
What's that? Have they found us?

NYSSA
I don't think so. According to the schematic both Daleks are still in the main control room. Wait a minute: there are three there now.

LYSETTE
What's that red blob with them? A fourth Dalek?

NYSSA
(WITH DREAD) No. A Time Lord.

CUT TO:

45. INT. DALEK BASE — CENTRAL CONTROL

(FX: DALEK BASE NOISES)

DOCTOR
(FX: WALKING IN) Lovely place you've got here. Charming décor. What do you call it? Subterranean minimalism? Caveman chic?

DALEK 1
(FX: GLIDING IN BEHIND) Silence!

DOCTOR
Or what? You'll exterminate me? But you'd have done that by now if you were going to. Which means you need me for something.

DALEK 1
Silence!

DOCTOR
Don't like feeling helpless, do you, Dalek? Don't like having to constrain that itchy trigger-tentacle of yours. Because at the end of the day that's all you really are. A gun. Without that you're nothing.

DALEK 2
(FX: GLIDING FORWARD) You cannot provoke the Daleks!

DOCTOR
Really? (BEAT) So this is Central Control, is it? It's a bit dingy, even by your standards. Did someone not pay the electricity bill?

DALEK 2
Diverting energy to non-essential systems is unnecessary.

DOCTOR
You mean you're low on power. My word, you are a wretched bunch. I almost feel sorry for you. Forgotten, abandoned, skulking in the dark…

DALEK 2
We have not been abandoned. Soon we will return in triumph to the Dalek fleet —

DALEK 3
… with you as our prisoner!

DOCTOR
You have been asleep for a long time, haven't you?

DALEK 2
Explain!

DOCTOR
Your race is long gone. You were driven from this sector of the galaxy centuries ago. Where there used to be a glorious Dalek Empire, there's now just a big, empty nothing.

DALEK 2
You lie!

DOCTOR
Do I? If you don't believe me, why not try opening a communications channel to that fleet of yours? After all, I'm sure you're dying to have a good boast about the success of your brilliant plan.

DALEK 2
(BEAT; HATES ACTING ON THE DOCTOR'S SUGGESTION, BUT NEEDS TO KNOW) Open a channel to Dalek Command.

(FX: BLIP AND BLEEP OF CONTROLS)

DALEK 3
Earth Mission to Dalek Command.

(FX: FAINT CRACKLE OF STATIC)

DALEK 3
Earth Mission to Dalek Command. (BEAT) Answer! Answer!

(FX: STATIC)

DOCTOR
(ALMOST SADLY) You see? The time of the Daleks is long gone.

DALEK 2
Nothing can defeat the might of the Dalek Empire.

DOCTOR
The combined forces of over one hundred planets can – and did. (VOICE HARDENS) Face it, Daleks. You're obsolete. You're like – (SUDDENLY HE HISSES IN PAIN FROM HIS HAND) … like soldiers in the Far East who think the War's still going on…

DALEK 2
This… changes nothing. Despite your resistance, your Time Lord physiology continues to undergo cellular subjugation.

DALEK 3
Soon, you will succumb to superior Dalek conditioning and become our willing servant. With your help, the Daleks will conquer time and space!

DOCTOR
(PANTING AS HE RECOVERS) Well, I'm flattered by your faith in my abilities, but I'm not sure even I can resurrect the dead.

DALEK 2
It is time to reveal the contents of the stasis vault. Activate release mechanism.

(FX: MORE BLIPS AND BLEEPS; A MEATY 'CHUNK', LIKE A LOCK DISENGAGING)

DALEK 3
Release mechanism activated.

DALEK 2
Open the vault.

(FX: A SMALLER 'CHUNK'; A HEAVY DOOR SLIDES SLOWLY OPEN)

DALEK 2
Behold the means of our resurrection, Doctor.

DOCTOR
(HORRIFIED) Oh no. (BEAT) It's my TARDIS!

CUT TO:

46. INT. DALEK BASE. CRYOGENIC CHAMBER

(FX: DALEK BASE NOISES)

LYSETTE
Look, shouldn't we be trying to rescue the Doctor?

NYSSA
I'm sure he's doing very well on his own. Besides, if this works, it should take care of at least one Dalek. And who knows? It might just give the Doctor time to… well, it might give him time.

LYSETTE
But are you sure it'll work, Nyssa?

NYSSA
I'm not sure of anything. But nothing ventured, nothing gained. Are you sure you know how to operate the Dalek gun?

LYSETTE
It seems pretty straight-forward. It's just point and shoot.

NYSSA
Yes, one thing about the Daleks is that they do tend to create weapons of devastating simplicity.

(FX: BLIPS AND BLEEPS; NYSSA PRESSING BUTTONS, MANIPULATING CONTROLS)

LYSETTE
Don't worry. I'll try not to blow myself up like the previous owner of the gun. I may not be green, but I'm sure it'd be just as messy.

(FX: FINAL DECISIVE SERIES OF BLEEPS)

NYSSA
There, finished. I've overloaded the diothermic regulator and disabled the safety cut-out. If that doesn't get their attention, nothing will.

CUT TO:

47. INT. DALEK BASE. MAIN CONTROL ROOM

(FX: DALEK BASE NOISES. SUDDENLY AN ALARM SOUNDS, LOUD AND STRIDENT — CONTINUES THROUGH SCENE)

DOCTOR
Oh dear. Problems?

DALEK 2
What is happening? Report!

DALEK 3
Systems overload in cryogenic chamber. Combustion has occurred in diothermic circuits. Safety procedures inoperative.

DALEK 2
Investigate the cause of the malfunction and take necessary action.

DALEK 1
I obey.

DOCTOR
(GROANS) I'm terribly sorry, but I think I'm going to…

(FX: THUMP AS HE HITS THE FLOOR)

DALEK 3
The Doctor has collapsed.

DALEK 2
His resistance to cellular subjugation is weakening. Soon his mind will succumb to Dalek conditioning.

DALEK 3
When Dalek cell multiplication reaches critical mass, the Doctor will belong to us. It is only a matter of time.

CUT TO:

48. INT. DALEK BASE. CRYOGENIC CHAMBER

(FX: DALEK BASE NOISES; CRACKLING OF FIRE; THE ALARM)

NYSSA
(URGENT WHISPER) Here it comes.

LYSETTE
(URGENT WHISPER) Ready and waiting.

DALEK 1
(APPROACHING) Site of combustion detected. Preparing to neutralise.

NYSSA
(SHOUTS) Now, Lysette!

(FX: DOUBLE DALEK GUN BLAST. DALEK 1 DIES SCREAMING, THEN EXPLODES)

LYSETTE
(SHOUTING; EXUBERANT) We did it!

NYSSA
That's only one Dalek dealt with. There are still two more.

LYSETTE
But the fire's still burning. Maybe they'll send another one to investigate. We could just wait here and pick them off.

NYSSA
They won't make the same mistake twice. If we don't get out now, they're more likely to seal us in and leave us to burn.

LYSETTE
So what's our next move?

NYSSA
We go on the attack. Take the battle to them.

LYSETTE
(HOLLOW LAUGH) I thought you said you didn't want a gun fight?

NYSSA
I don't. But at least the odds are even now. Two of them, two of us. The same weapons. Plus we've got an advantage.

LYSETTE
We make smaller targets than they do?

NYSSA
No: the Doctor.

49. INT. DALEK BASE. MAIN CONTROL ROOM

(FX: DALEK BASE NOISES; ALARM)

DALEK 3
Dalek unit ambushed and exterminated. Intruders are armed with Dalek weaponry.

DALEK 2
Divert subsidiary power to initiate visual security scan. Intruders must be detected.

(FX: BLIPS AND BLEEPS)

DALEK 3
Power diverted. Two intruders detected in section nine.

DALEK 2
Identify them.

CUT TO:

50. INT. DALEK BASE. CORRIDOR

(FX: DALEK BASE NOISES; ALARM)

NYSSA
(LOW VOICE) The main control room is around that next corner. Be careful, Lysette. Keep to the shadows.

(FX: ALARM ABRUPTLY STOPS)

LYSETTE
(LV) Oh! It's gone quiet. Is that a good sign or a bad one?

NYSSA
(LV; UNCERTAIN) Maybe neither. Let's not be distracted.

(FX: A GENTLE, HIGH-PITCHED WARBLING SOUND)

LYSETTE
(SURPRISED) Oh!

NYSSA
(LV) What is it?

LYSETTE
(DREAMILY) I can hear… something.

NYSSA
(LV) I can't hear anything. (BEAT; CONCERN) Lysette, are you all right? You've gone- (BREAKS OFF; HORRIFIED) What are you doing?

LYSETTE
(COLDLY) Drop the gun, Nyssa.

NYSSA
(ASTONISHED) What?

LYSETTE
Drop the gun or you will be exterminated.

CUT TO:

51. INT. DALEK BASE. MAIN CONTROL ROOM

(FX: DALEK BASE NOISES)

DALEK 3
Dalek servitor, designation: Lysette Barclay, identified and activated.

DALEK 2
The other humanoid female is the Doctor's companion. She must be disarmed and captured.

CUT TO:

52. INT. DALEK BASE. CORRIDOR

(FX: DALEK BASE NOISES)

NYSSA
(BEWILDERED) Exterminated? Lysette, you sound like a Dalek. What's the —

LYSETTE
Drop the gun. Drop the gun!

NYSSA
All right.

(FX: GUN CLATTERING TO FLOOR)

LYSETTE
Now you will come with me. You are a prisoner of the Daleks. Move! Move!

CUT TO:

53. INT. DALEK BASE. MAIN CONTROL ROOM

(FX: DALEK BASE NOISES)

DOCTOR
(GROANS; MUTTERS) Must… obey… Dalek… commands.

DALEK 3
The Doctor is regaining consciousness.

DALEK 2
Identify yourself.

DOCTOR
(EFFORT) My… identity… is… irrelevant.

DALEK 2
What is your function?

DOCTOR
(SUCCUMBING) To serve the Daleks.

DALEK 3
Servitor, designation: Lysette Barclay, and humanoid female approaching control area.

DALEK 2
Secure the humanoid female in a holding cell. If the Doctor proves unreliable she will be useful to us.

(FX: NYSSA AND LYSETTE ENTER CONTROL ROOM)

NYSSA
All right, you don't have to push. (SEES THE DOCTOR; MINGLED JOY AND DESPAIR) Doctor! Am I glad to see you!

(FX: NYSSA'S FOOTSTEPS QUICKEN)

DALEK 3
Halt! Do not approach the Doctor.

NYSSA
Doctor? Are you all right? (TO DALEKS) What have you done to him? Why is he staring like that?

DALEK 2
The Doctor now serves the Daleks.

NYSSA
(HORRIFIED) No. He would never do that.

DALEK 2
He is under our command. Sensors indicate that Dalek metastasis is now 71 per cent complete.

NYSSA
No! I won't believe it.

DALEK 2
Dalek unit, designation: Doctor, what is your relationship to this female?

DOCTOR
Dalek servants do not…require relationships.

DALEK 2
Shall we destroy her?

NYSSA
Please, Doctor. It's me, Nyssa. Remember?

DALEK 3
Answer!

DOCTOR
Her fate… does not concern me. Suggest incarceration or conversion into servitor.

NYSSA
(MISERABLY) Oh, Doctor.

DALEK 2
Servitor Lysette Barclay, secure humanoid female in holding cell.

LYSETTE
I obey.

NYSSA
Get your hands off me! (CALLING BACK) Doctor, if there's anything of you left in there, remember this: fissures! This place is riddled with cracks and fissures!

(FX: NYSSA IS SHOVED, PROTESTING, ACROSS THE ROOM; TAPPING OF KEYBOARD; A FORCEFIELD SLAMS DOWN, CONTAINING HER)

LYSETTE
Humanoid female secured.

DALEK 2
You will now return to the cryogenic chamber and extinguish the fire.

LYSETTE
I obey.

DALEK 2
Doctor, you will open the TARDIS.

DOCTOR
I… obey.

DALEK 2
You will accompany the Doctor to assess the craft's functional status. If the Doctor shows signs of resistance, disable him.

DALEK 3
I obey.

(FX: DOCTOR AND DALEK 3 CROSS TO THE TARDIS; KEY IN LOCK; DOOR OPENS)

CUT TO:

54. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM

(FX: TARDIS HUM; DOCTOR AT THE CONSOLE, FLICKING SWITCHES, PUSHING BUTTONS)

DALEK 3
What is the functional status of the TARDIS?

DOCTOR
(FLAT; HALTING; SUGGESTION OF DALEK SPEECH PATTERNS) Some deterioration in secondary systems. Temporal regulator out of phase… minor repairs required. Suggest brief test flight to fully assess temporal damage…

DALEK 3
Request denied.

DOCTOR
TARDIS must re-establish a temporal link with the vortex in order to present full diagnostic. If temporal damage proves severe, the TARDIS will not survive greater exposure… and the Dalek mission will fail…

DALEK 3
(FX: CLICKS AND WHIRRS AS IT CONSIDERS) Request granted. I will accompany you.

DOCTOR
Of… course.

(FX: MORE FLICKING OF SWITCHES, PUSHING OF BUTTONS; THEN THE FAMILIAR SOUND OF THE TARDIS DEMATERIALISING…AND REMATERIALISING AGAIN ALMOST IMMEDIATELY)

DALEK 3
State location.

DOCTOR
We have returned to our… point of origin. I am opening the doors.

(FX: HUM OF DOORS OPENING)

DALEK 3
(BEAT; SUSPICIOUS) This is not our point of origin. Exterior visibility limited. What is happening?

DOCTOR
(INNOCENTLY) It's just… mist.

DALEK 3
(INCREASINGLY STRANGLED VOICE; PANIC) Respiration impaired… sensors indicate… escalating levels of cellular… disruption… exterminate… exter…

(FX: DALEK GUN BLASTS, ONE AFTER ANOTHER; SMALL EXPLOSIONS IN THE CONSOLE ROOM; A THUMP AS THE DOCTOR DIVES FOR COVER BEHIND THE CONSOLE; THE DALEK DIES)

DOCTOR
(RUEFULLY; NORMAL VOICE; IT WAS ALL AN ACT) One of these days I really must repair those state of grace circuits. Now… Let's get you… (EFFORT AS HE PUSHES DALEK ACROSS CONSOLE ROOM) … out of here.

(FX: CRASH AS HE SHOVES THE DALEK OUT OF THE TARDIS)

DOCTOR
Goodbye, Dalek. And good riddance. Now… (FX: SLAMS LEVER; TARDIS DOOR CLOSES) Off we go!

(FX: DEMATERIALISATION)

CUT TO:

55. INT. CENTRAL ENVIRONMENT STATION

(FX: TARDIS REMATERIALISES; DOOR CREAKS OPEN)

DOCTOR
Ah! Perfect! The central environment station – just where I want to be. I really am getting rather good at these short hops.

(FX: THERE'S A TINKLE OF A TEST TUBE FALLING OFF A BENCH NEARBY)

DOCTOR
Hello? Who's there?

BARCLAY
Doctor! I thought you'd had it!

DOCTOR
Me? Had it? Never! Ah, Isaac, forgive my asking but what were you doing behind that work bench?

BARCLAY
It was that… awful noise.

DOCTOR
Awful noise? (FX: PATS TARDIS) Don't listen to him, old thing.

BARCLAY
Where in Creation did that that come from?

DOCTOR
This is the TARDIS. My ship.

BARCLAY
(ASTONISHED) Your ship? But it's an old box.

DOCTOR
Appearances can be deceptive. (BEAT) So, Isaac, what brings you to the CES?

BARCLAY
The rain stopped, so I thought it was safe to come looking for you. To see if you were all right.

DOCTOR
Oh, I'm fine, Isaac. Ticketty boo. You managed to evade the villagers then? You must run pretty fast.

BARCLAY
It wasn't exactly hard. The villagers are dying, Doctor.

DOCTOR
(SOMBRE) Dying? Are you sure?

BARCLAY
Aye. After the rain stopped, there was this… mist. Like a sea-mist. Just rolled in out of nowhere. The villagers started choking and collapsing. I managed to get to Dobson's skimmer and drove over here. I knew you'd arrived at the CES earlier, and that you were affected by the rain, and I just thought… well, I hoped I could help.

DOCTOR
And you weren't worried that the mist would affect you in the same way it did the villagers? You're not wearing an environmental protection suit, I see.

BARCLAY
No. Well… I'm not one of them, am I?

DOCTOR
(THOUGHTFULLY) No, you're not.

BARCLAY
So! You're all right, then? Not… infected, like?

DOCTOR
Not any more. And never as much as the Daleks thought. It was touch and go in there for a while, but once I got the measure of the infection attacking my mind, I was able to keep it at bay.

BARCLAY
Mind over matter, eh?

DOCTOR
Exactly.

BARCLAY
And what about now?

DOCTOR
The Dalek cells are dying. I'm becoming me again. You see, what the Daleks didn't know was that before they captured me I used some of my own blood to develop a retrovirus, which I released into the atmosphere.

BARCLAY
A retrovirus?

DOCTOR
One that attacks the alien DNA, causing it to break down at an astonishing rate. (SADLY) I was rather hoping the villagers would recover once the invading organisms started to die off, but it seems they were too weak. That's nth generation clones for you.

BARCLAY
So what happens now?

DOCTOR
Well, I rather think that depends on you, doesn't it?

BARCLAY
Me?

DOCTOR
Yes. After all, like Lysette, you are a Dalek servitor. My suspicion was confirmed as soon as I mentioned the Daleks by name, and you didn't respond. I assume you were sent here to disperse the retrovirus?

(FX: A CLICK, FOLLOWED BY A CRACKLING HUM OF ELECTRICITY)

BARCLAY
Move away from the TARDIS doors, Doctor.

DOCTOR
Or you'll what? Zap me to death with that thing? I would have thought the Daleks would have given you a proper gun, something you could wave about with authority.

BARCLAY
This is an electrostatic induction rod, Doctor. It carries a three million volt charge hot enough to fuse sand into glass.

DOCTOR
I know what it is. I put it there earlier. I'd just popped back to pick it up, as a matter of fact. (DESPERATELY) Listen, Isaac. You can fight against the servitor implant. You must! Don't you want to be a free man again? Don't you want to think for yourself?

BARCLAY
Independent thought is irrelevant. I serve the Daleks.

DOCTOR
And you're helping them to do what? Destroy your home? Kill your friends? Can't you see they're using you? You and Lysette.

BARCLAY
(UNCERTAINLY) Our lives are… unimportant.

DOCTOR
That's what that hateful little voice in your head tells you, doesn't it? But it's not true, Isaac. You are important. You saved my life, before the Daleks activated that implant in your cranium. You're a good man, a brave man.

BARCLAY
(STUGGLING) Goodness is… unnecessary. Bravery is…

DOCTOR
You love Lysette, don't you? All those years you've cared for her, looked after her.

BARCLAY
(CONFUSED) I… I… Lysette…

DOCTOR
(GENTLY) Tell me why you came here, Issac. To Stockbridge. Tell me about your wife. Lysette's mother. Why isn't she here with you? What happened to her?

BARCLAY
(QUIETLY) We lived in one of the townships on Satellite 16 in the Hammer Nebula. I was a maintenance operative in a munitions plant. But I was off sick. Long term. Nerve damage. Waiting in the queue for medical treatment we couldn't afford. Miri… my wife… had to work double shifts at the Citizenship Bureau. Fifteen hours a day, six days a week. One night, she was waiting at the station for the last shuttle home, when… (TAILS OFF)

DOCTOR
(GENTLY) Go on.

BARCLAY
She was attacked… robbed. There were six of them. They threw her onto the tracks. Then the shuttle came.

DOCTOR
I'm sorry. You came here for a better life, with no idea that this idyllic place, this noble human endeavour, was a trap, underpinned by Dalek technology. The environment station, the stasis bubble, the cloning – all of that is well beyond this time period's technical capabilities.

BARCLAY
I never was much cop at science.

DOCTOR
It was the technology which allowed the Daleks to control you. The first time you and Lysette cloned yourselves –

BARCLAY
Renewed ourselves, Doctor. We're not clones like the rest. There's a rejuvenation chamber on one of the hidden levels of this building. Secret government project. It was a stipulation of the contract. Every five years we underwent cell renewal. We were told to record the results…

DOCTOR
Only it wasn't a secret government project at all, was it? It was a way of establishing a link with the dormant Dalek consciousness. A way of making you their servitors… their slaves.

BARCLAY
(STRUGGLING FOR DOMINANCE; DALEK CONSCIOUSNESS RE-ESTABLISHING ITSELF) We are… not slaves. It is… an honour to serve the Daleks.

DOCTOR
Fight it, Isaac. Think of Lysette. Think of Miri, of how she died. Because that's what the Daleks do. They assault you without pity to get what they want. They rob you of hope. They wipe out love as if it were nothing.

BARCLAY
(STRUGGLING; ANGUISHED) I… I…can't…

DOCTOR
You can, Isaac. Fight them. Drive them out.

BARCLAY
(STILL STRUGGLING) No, I… I don't… please, I… (SUDDENLY STRIDENT; SHRIEKING) The Daleks are supreme! You must obey! You will stand away from the environment console, Doctor!

DOCTOR
Yes, of course I will. Though not before I've done… this!

(FX: THE DOCTOR SLAMS A LEVER. INSTANTLY THERE IS A HUGE RUMBLE; THINGS FALL AND CRASH. BARCLAY CRIES OUT AS HE LOSES HIS BALANCE. THERE IS A CRACKLY BUZZING CLATTER AS HE DROPS THE INDUCTION ROD)

DOCTOR
(SHOUTING) I'll have that, I think!

(FX: THE BUZZY CRACKLE MOVES THROUGH THE AIR AS THE DOCTOR PICKS UP THE INDUCTION ROD. THE SLAM OF THE LEVER BACK INTO POSITION. THE RUMBLING SUBSIDES)

DOCTOR
I'm sorry, Isaac. I'm afraid the tables have been turned.

BARCLAY
What did you do?

DOCTOR
I temporarily reduced the resistance of the environment bubble by fifty per cent. To put it simply, I let a little of the outside in.

BARCLAY
Are you going to destroy me?

DOCTOR
I'm not a Dalek. And neither are you. I think it might be best if you were to come with me.

BARCLAY
Where are we going?

DOCTOR
Oddly enough, we're going where you would have taken me. Back to the Dalek base.

CUT TO:

56. INT. DALEK BASE

(FX: DALEK BASE NOISES. TARDIS MATERIALISES. DOOR OPENS. BUZZY CRACKLE OF THE INDUCTION ROD)

DOCTOR
After you, Isaac.

BARCLAY
(STRUGGLING MENTALLY) There is no escape for you, Doctor. I can hear the voices telling me. No escape.

DOCTOR
You're probably right. But one has to try.

NYSSA
Doctor! You're all right!

DOCTOR
Never better, Nyssa. Sorry about earlier, I don't know what came over me. How are you?

NYSSA
Fine, apart from being trapped inside a Dalek forcefield. Lysette's over there. She had some sort of fit and then collapsed. She's still breathing, I think, but her – (SHOUTS) Doctor, look out!

DALEK 2
Exterminate the Doctor!

(FX: A DALEK GUN FIRES & DESTROYS A SECTION OF EQUIPMENT NEXT TO THE DOCTOR. THE SWOOPING SURGE OF THE INDUCTION ROD AS THE DOCTOR SWINGS ROUND & LEAPS OUT OF THE WAY. BARCLAY IS HIT)

BARCLAY
(CRIES OUT)

DOCTOR
Isaac? Isaac! Are you all right?

BARCLAY
(IN GREAT PAIN, BUT PUTTING ON A BRAVE FACE) Just a… glancing blow. I'll be fine. (WITH AMAZEMENT) Doctor! I… I can't hear the voices anymore. They're gone!

DOCTOR
The blast must have scrambled the circuits. Hold on, Isaac. Hold on.

DALEK 2
You were foolish to return, Doctor.

DOCTOR
Yes, well, I came back for my friends. But of course you wouldn't understand that.

DALEK 2
Your compassion is a weakness. It will prove to be your downfall.

DOCTOR
Perhaps. But not today. You're all alone, Dalek. Your comrades are dead, your plans are in ruins. I'm here to offer you a deal. Let my friends go and I'll let you live.

DALEK 2
You would allow a Dalek to live?

DOCTOR
Why not? You can't go anywhere. There's no-one left to kill.

DALEK 2
I will kill your friends if you do not obey me, Doctor.

(FX: BARCLAY PICKS UP THE INDUCTION ROD)

BARCLAY
Not if I kill you first.

DOCTOR
Isaac, no. This isn't the way.

BARCLAY
But this thing deserves to die! Look what it did to me, to Lysette, to Stockbridge.

DOCTOR
I know, I know. Please. Give me the induction rod. (BARCLAY DOES SO) Thank you.

BARCLAY
I'm useless. I had a chance to kill it and I failed.

DOCTOR
You didn't fail.

DALEK 2
Incorrect. Servitor Isaac Barclay did fail. Induction device is not a weapon. The electrical charge will not penetrate my casing.

DOCTOR
There's more than one way to skin a cat, you know.

DALEK 2
Your words are meaningless. And your weapon is ineffective. (BEAT) Whereas mine is not. Exterminate!

(FX: DALEK GUN BLAST. BARCLAY SCREAMS AND DIES)

DOCTOR
(FURIOUS) There was no need for that!

DALEK 2
He failed the Daleks. Failure is unacceptable. Now I will complete my mission. Using your TARDIS we will travel back to the dawn of the Dalek Empire. With your knowledge the Daleks will conquer all of time and space. Refusal to comply will result in the destruction of the female humanoids.

NYSSA
Well, that's no choice, is it? Doctor?

DOCTOR
Quite right, Nyssa. No choice at all.

NYSSA
No, Doctor! You can't help the Daleks!

DOCTOR
Who said anything about helping them? This thing might not be powerful enough to penetrate Dalekanium, but it will make a lovely big hole in the ceiling!

(FX: A BLAST OF POWER FROM THE INDUCTION ROD SMASHES A HOLE THROUGH METAL, ROCK AND EARTH, ALL THE WAY UP TO THE SURFACE. RUBBLE AND DEBRIS CASCADE DOWN, CLANGING OFF THE DALEK'S METAL SHELL. THE DOCTOR AND NYSSA COUGH AND SPLUTTER)

DOCTOR
Nyssa?

NYSSA
(COUGHING) I'm all right! Did it work?

DALEK 2
(AS THE DUST CLEARS) Your action was futile, Doctor. Damage is neg…gl…gl…gl… (SUDDENLY STRANGLED; PANICKY) Alert! Alert! Retrovirus detect- detect- detected!

DOCTOR
What's the matter? Fog in your throat?

DALEK 2
What… have you… done… to me?

DOCTOR
Given you a taste of your own medicine. What happened to those villagers is now happening to you.

DALEK 2
Cellular disruption… increasing. Expiration… inevitable. You have… destroyed me… Doc…tor…

DOCTOR
I'm sorry, but you gave me no choice.

DALEK 2
Extermin(ate)!

NYSSA
(SCREAMS) Doctor!

(FX: DALEK GUN BLAST. BEAT)

DOCTOR
Thank you, Lysette. Nice to see you up and about again.

LYSETTE
(SHELL-SHOCKED) It… killed my… (THEN THE EMOTION COMES FLOODING OUT) Dad! Oh, Dad! Dad, no! (BURSTS INTO TEARS)

DOCTOR
One thing that Daleks will never understand. Emotional ties. I'm so sorry, Lysette.

NYSSA
Doctor… will you get me out of here?

DOCTOR
Ah, yes, sorry.

(FX: BLEEPS AND BLIPS, AND A BRIEF 'SUCTION' SOUND, LIKE POWERFUL ENERGY BEING WITHDRAWN)

NYSSA
Thank you. (GOING OVER TO LYSETTE) Lysette, I'm so sorry about your father. He was a brave man, a —

LYSETTE
Stand back. Both of you.

(FX: GETTING TO HER FEET SUDDENLY. DETERMINED)

NYSSA
Lysette?

LYSETTE
Stand back or I'll shoot.

DOCTOR
Lysette. The Daleks are dead, you don't have to obey them anymore.

LYSETTE
They might be dead, Doctor, but that disgusting thing in my head isn't. Even now I can feel it scrabbling inside my consciousness. Trying to regain control.

(FX: LYSETTE BEGINS POWERING UP LARGE BANKS OF COMPUTERS)

NYSSA
What are you doing?

LYSETTE
Using the master link to set the environment manipulator to critical, causing the protective bubble over Stockbridge to disintegrate. Forget about earthquakes, Nyssa, this should be much more spectacular!

DOCTOR
This is madness, Lysette. Come with us!

(FX: BACKGROUND RUMBLES; THE SOUND OF FALLING DEBRIS)

LYSETTE
And leave all this for another generation to stumble upon? No! It has to be annihilated, erased from history! Now go, both of you!

NYSSA
We're not leaving you!

LYSETTE
Yes. You are. The Daleks have destroyed everything I ever cared about, Nyssa. And I've still got their instincts inside me. The urge to hate and conquer and kill. This is the only way to eliminate all evidence of them.

NYSSA
But we can help you!

LYSETTE
(SHOUTING; RANTY; DALEKY) No, you cannot! (STRUGGLING TO CALM DOWN) Even now I'm fighting the impulse not to pull this trigger. And I can barely suppress the… <u>hatred</u> for him. The <u>Doctor</u>. The ultimate enemy of the… (CHOKES OFF; INNER TURMOIL)

(FX: RUMBLING GETS LOUDER & CHUNKS OF MASONRY FALL)

DOCTOR
There’s nothing we can do, Nyssa. We have to go. Now!

NYSSA
(APPALLED) We can’t just leave her like this.

LYSETTE
You must!

NYSSA
(DESPERATE) But-

LYSETTE
(FURIOUS) Go! Go! Or you will be… extermin-

(FX: MASSIVE CRASHING AND RUMBLING AS MAJOR DEBRIS STARTS TO FALL. IT FALLS ON LYSETTE, KILLING HER. NYSSA SCRABBLES OVER TO TRY AND SHIFT THE RUBBLE FROM LYSETTE’S CORPSE)

NYSSA
Lysette! Lysette!

DOCTOR
She’s gone, I’m afraid.

NYSSA
(CLOSE TO TEARS) She was the last of them. The last of Stockbridge.

(FX: CRITICAL IMPLOSION IS IMMINENT. THE MACHINES ARE GOING HAYWIRE. MORE EXPLOSIONS. MORE DEBRIS)

DOCTOR
Come on, Nyssa!

NYSSA
(CHOKING) I can’t see you, Doctor!

DOCTOR
I’m here. Take my hand.

(FX: CRASHING AND RUMBLING CONTINUES; SLAM OF THE TARDIS DOOR; DEMATERIALISATION. ALMIGHTY EXPLOSION FADING AWAY INTO NOTHING)

57. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM

(FX: USUAL ATMOS; THE SOUND OF THE TARDIS SCANNER CLOSING)

DOCTOR
It's gone… swept away. All those lives. All that history…

NYSSA
I'm so sorry, Doctor. I know what it's like to see somewhere you love destroyed.

DOCTOR
But it was my fault. If I hadn't been there…

NYSSA
We were cast adrift in time, remember? We didn't choose to be here, now.

DOCTOR
Exactly. I should have realised, Nyssa. We were travelling forward in time, when the time bubble was created. And so when it collapsed, Time found a place for us at the last possible point in Stockbridge's future. Its destruction.

NYSSA
Remember what you're always telling me? That history is written. Events are determined. You mustn't blame yourself.

(BEAT)

DOCTOR
(SOFTLY) Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And Desolation saddens all thy green.

NYSSA
That poem again. (BEAT) What is it?

DOCTOR
Oliver Goldsmith. 'The Deserted Village'. (FX: PRESSING CONSOLE BUTTONS) (BLEAKLY) Let's go, Nyssa.

NYSSA
To happier times and places?

DOCTOR
Yes. (BEAT) Happier times and places.

(FX: DEMATERIALISATION BEGINS… INTO CLOSING THEME)

THE END